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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

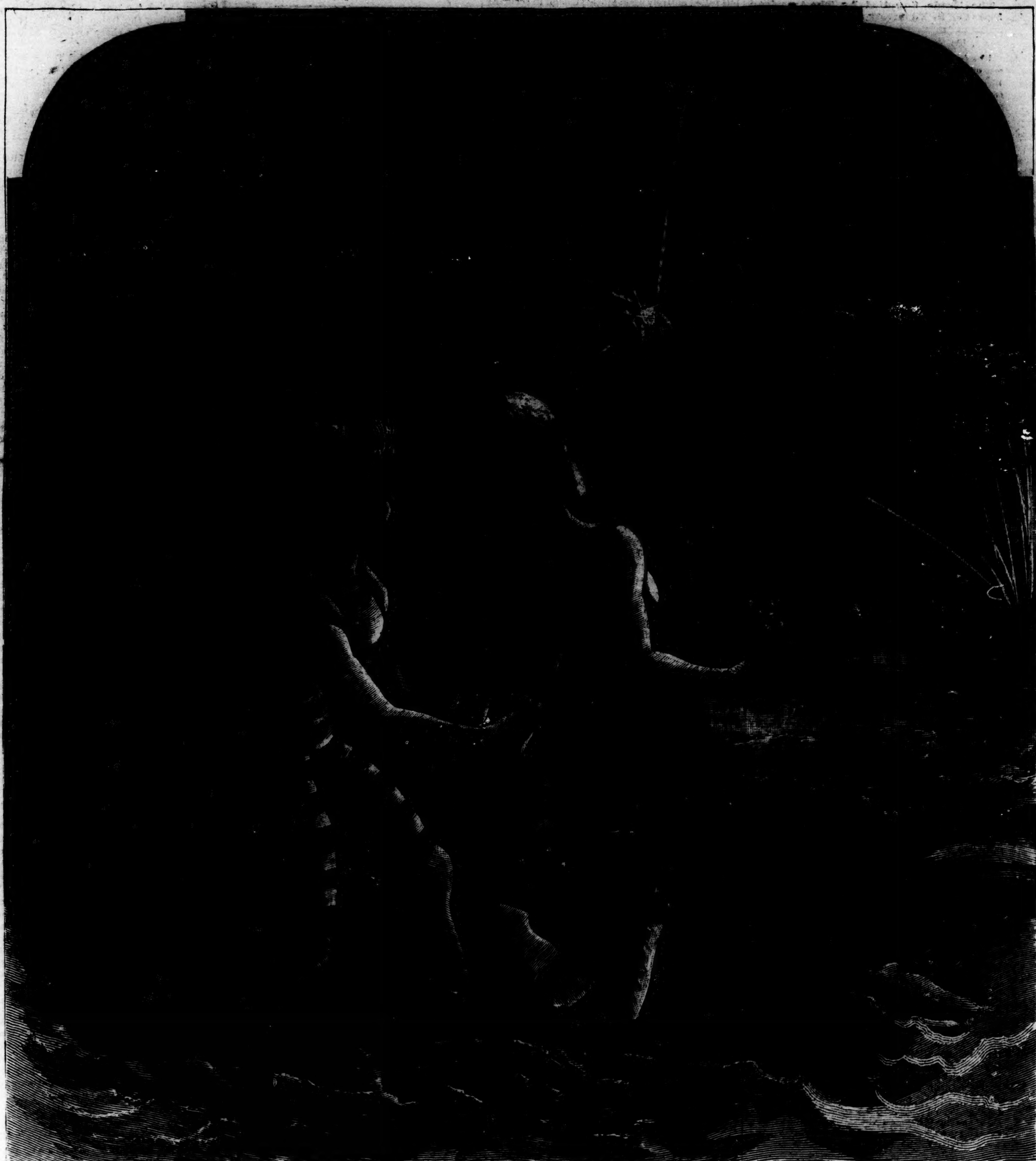
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXIV.—No. 98

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879

Price Ten Cents.



PYROTECHNICAL EFFECTS ON THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON—CONSTERNATION AMONG A BEVY OF BEAUTIES DISPORTING IN THE BREAKERS, CAUSED BY THE ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IN THEIR MIDST OF A NUMBER OF MISDIRECTED ROCKETS, DURING A GRAND EXHIBITION OF FIREWORKS IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL BRIGHTON.—SEE PAGE 2.

POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1846
 RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
 Office: 2, 4 & 6 Beade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
 SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....\$4.00
 One copy, six months.....2.00
 One copy, three months.....1.00
 Single copies.....Ten Cents
 To Clubs a liberal discount will be allowed.
 Postage paid to all subscribers in the United States.
 Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 2, 4 & 6 Beade Street, (P. O. Box 40) New York City.
 All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.

The Trade Supplied by The American News Co., N. Y., or any of their Branches.

To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

Parties who cannot obtain the Gazette from any news-dealer, when asked for, will confer a favor on the publisher by notifying us of that fact, and forwarding name and address of dealer.

COLERAINE, N. C.—Have published item.

J. K., Shreveport, La.—Have published item.

J. L. D., Blandville, Ky.—No point for illustration worth publishing.

J. B. H., Cohoes, N. Y.—Much obliged, but can make nothing of it.

Houma, La.—The leading item appears. Other not of more than local interest.

D. R. W., Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Previously received; thanks for numerous attentions.

CHIEF OWEN, Hopkinsville, Ky.—Item appears; thanks. Shall be glad to hear from you often.

G. V. K., Sioux City, Ia.—We did communicate with you in regard to the matter, but will write again.

CORRESPONDENT, Jefferson, Tex.—Published item last week. Cannot make anything of the sketch sent.

C. P., Syracuse, N. Y.—Send it along and we will see what it amounts to. Can't say anything more definite.

S. D., Platt City, Mo.—All right, send them as soon as you can get them; much obliged for previous efforts in our behalf.

W. T. G., Nashville, N. C.—Much obliged for good intentions, but last year's occurrences are more antique than we desire to have in our columns.

"THE MAN FROM PERU," Albany Jail.—Cannot tell you anything about it until we see it or know something more of it than is conveyed in your letter.

F. F., Peabody, Kan.—Published portrait of the individual in our issue of December 7th, last. It was photographed by the same artist. Will return the one sent.

A. C. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Have published an account of the tragedy in this issue, and photos arrived too late for it. Will appear in our next. Send others as soon as possible. Further by mail.

W. B., Fort Washakie, W. T.—Cannot use manuscript written on both sides, as we have remarked in this column sufficiently often to render it unnecessary to repeat it, we should suppose.

A. G. S., Parkersburg, W. Va.—Hope you will keep us posted on matters of note in your section. What we more particularly desire is correct outline sketches of scenes of occurrences of interest and portraits of parties concerned therein.

S. S. N., Batavia, O.—Don't care to illustrate "nigger doings" unless it is something more striking out of the ordinary than their customary crimes. May publish the portrait hereafter when result of the trial or execution gives it fresh interest.

M. E. B., Battle Creek, Mich.—Should like to publish it, if strictly in accordance with facts, but as you are entirely unknown to us, it lacks confirmation. Such a thing must surely have been published in the local journals. Can you not send us a clipping in support of it?

M. H., San Francisco, Cal.—The portrait of the lady was published by us some months ago, and since then has appeared over and over again in numerous other journals. You folks do not appear to have heard of the six days tramp of lady pedestrians in this city, in the first week of April last, although it was done to the fullest extent by all the illustrated papers, and reported still more fully by the dailies. The lady whose portrait you send took part in it. Your paper makes a big mistake in announcing the match in question as the "first and only six days pedestrian match for ladies ever held in the United States." As to the other portrait, it is of no account whatever to us. Interest in pedestrianism, unless of very exceptional character, has been closed out for some time in this section. Further by mail.

C. E. B., Grinnell, Iowa.—Shall be glad to have you act for us on those terms, but please remember that articles are of no value to us unless they reach us as soon as steam can bring them, after the occurrences narrated. Also that we particularly wish to obtain accurate sketches of events or scenes of events, not elaborate finished pictures, but sketches sufficiently correct in essential details to serve the purpose of illustration. Portraits of persons connected with events of special note are also desirable. The mere recital of current events without such accompanying matter, is of little value to us, by means of the telegraph, our exchanges of course supply us with accounts of happenings sufficiently out of the ordinary to be worth publishing in our columns, much sooner than we could obtain the same from a distant correspondent.

ARBITRATION IN ELOPEMENTS.

Something rather novel in wife-elopements was recently witnessed in Green Bay, Wisconsin. The runaway wife of a Mr. Gould and her paramour, one Henry Weston, arriving in town from somewhere in the back country, were met, as they stepped off the train, by a warrant for their apprehension, backed by an officer of the law, and, more remotely, by Mr. Gould himself. Now if Mr. Gould "had been some men" his presence on the occasion would have been the most serious part of the business. But he wasn't, as it appears, and the eloping parties were evidently aware of it and did not include him in the difficulties of the situation at all. Most husbands would have talked blood and a large proportion of them would have had it under similar circumstances. But Mr. Gould did not thirst for the sanguinary fluid to any great extent. Perhaps he had previously satisfied his thirst fully with beer or other mild beverages. Neither did he resort to the logic of force in solving the perplexing domestic problem presented to him, but relied entirely upon moral suasion in securing the return of Mary, which was the front name of his erring spouse, to her deserted fireside. Further than this, with a love for freedom of debate which excites our admiration, he tolerated the fullest liberty of argument on the part of his rival in discussing the question of her return. The scene presented by this generous spirit of fair-play was therefore made at once touching and novel. On the one side was Mr. Gould, pleading with the hesitating fair one by every argument which their late connubial relation could suggest to assume again the matrimonial yoke she had so recently spurned. On the other was her newly-found affinity, entreating her with equal pathos not to desert him. We are given to understand that Mary felt the perplexity of the situation, and that it caused her to hesitate somewhat as to her mode of action, but that, in spite of all temptations to resume her lot with the man whom she had sworn to cleave to, her inclinations were decidedly in favor of going with her latest preference.

Then the husband weakened somewhat, in spite of the lofty generosity he displayed in the earlier phase of the scene, for he refused to abide by the decision in this amicable court of arbitration, and carried the case to the legal tribunals. Here Mary's paramour next showed up as defendant on a charge of seduction, but, it being readily shown that the woman was the prime mover in the elopement, he was discharged and the case resumed in the court of arbitration aforesaid, with even more spirit, pathos and persuasiveness on the part of both advocates than before. Pending a final decision here, however, the husband now becoming really quite vexed with the tide in his affairs, forestalled its action by an *argumentum baculinum*, so to speak, by hustling the arbitrator off to a hotel and safely caging her in a room beyond present danger of conviction from the insidious pleading of the opposing side. Such was the situation at last accounts, with the undiscouraged Weston hovering on the outskirts of the town, patiently awaiting his opportunity to get in another word with the shamefully restrained court. As to the final result, any odds are freely offered on Weston, with no takers.

AT THE MERCY OF THE LAWLESS.

The city of La Salle, Illinois, finds itself in a position more peculiar than pleasant just now on account of a serious misunderstanding between its mayor and city council, in which both sides appear to have exhibited a "Roman firmness" which, however pardonable, as a natural characteristic, in the ass species, is anything but commendable in the human when, as in the instance in question, a whole community is inconvenienced, and life and property jeopardized thereby. The row culminated, at a recent meeting of the council, in the dismissal of the police force of the city, and since that brilliant stroke of retaliatory policy by the assembled wisdom of the municipality it is not surprising that, as we are assured by the local journals of the city, all the thieves, tramps and loafers in that section have apparently swarmed thither, like flies to a bursted sugar hogshead. The news of the unprotected condition of the city seems to have spread among the lawless classes in every direction by some mysterious means of transmission, with a speed rivaling that of the telegraph, and by the manner in which they have flocked to the defenseless town they have evidently planned to make the most of the situation while it lasts.

It is stated that these characters have formed a regular camp at Split Rock, a few miles distant, from which rendezvous they sallied forth to commit all manner of lawless acts with comparative impunity. Numerous stores and dwellings have been robbed and every night the city is laid under contribution by these modern buccaneers. Even the force at the command of the railroad companies, with which to protect their property, proves neither a terror to the depredators nor a defense against their depredations, and at the Rock Island depot freight cars have been broken open by the rascals whom the prospect of the rich booty had attracted.

It is not to be wondered at that, with such a state

of things existing, the citizens should be both in fear and incensed. They declare that should the police force not be speedily reinstated, they will call out the local military to patrol the city and, if such action should be found necessary, they threaten to end the reign of terror instituted by the thieves and tramps, in a very summary manner. In the language of the local journals, they declare that the desperadoes will be kept right there, but "so far under ground as to be harmless for evil."

Meanwhile, it is to be supposed, they have no particular admiration for the silly quarrel their mayor and city council are waging against each other, and an interesting question or two may yet arise out of the matter as to how far individuals who are intrusted with the protection of a community are responsible for damages, incurred by innocent parties, through the gross and willful neglect of their trust by such officials on account of a silly quarrel, the exhibition of which would be ludicrous were not its results so serious, if not criminal.

Pyrotechnical Effects on Brighton Beach.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the many attractions presented at our delightful contiguous sea-side resorts of Coney Island, Brighton and Manhattan Beach, the periodical exhibition of fireworks along the shore is a feature both picturesque and novel and warmly welcomed as an additional item of enjoyment by visitors to these charmed and charming summer retreats of the tired and heated denizens of the sweltering metropolis during the heated season.

Our artist has given a spirited picture of a very picturesque scene witnessed in front of the Hotel Brighton, a few evenings since, on the occasion of an exceptionally brilliant exhibition which was attended and enthusiastically applauded by one of the largest throngs of visitors of the season. About nine o'clock, as soon as the lingering twilight had deepened to sufficient darkness to allow of the proper effect, twenty-five Bengal lights were set burning along the shore, at equal distances from each other. They changed from blue to red and green, and before they had burned out the air was filled with beautiful red, green and purple streamers from many simultaneously bursting bonds. One of the several large pieces elicited laughter as well as applause from the unexpected maneuvers of two revolving parti-colored wheels. One darted from each side of a blazing triangle and, after going about thirty feet in a straight line returned to its place. The movement was grotesquely suggestive of the flight of birds from a tree. While the merriment was at its height, loud and frequently repeated female shrieks of consternation were heard proceeding from a bevy of fair bathers near by, who had been making the most of their visit by uniting the pleasure of a dip in the breakers, there being sufficient moonlight to render it entirely agreeable, with that of viewing the pyrotechnical exhibition. It appeared that during the setting off of the larger pieces some rockets, which were intended to supply a sort of side-show or interlude to the main entertainment, had, either through accident or design, been misdirected and touched off the result being to bring the fiery projectiles into such proximity with the damsels in the breakers that, though there was no real danger of injury, they became perfectly panic-stricken, hedged as they were between the two elements, fire and water, being afraid to remain through fear of the rockets, and afraid to retreat through dread of the even more terrifying breakers. They were, however, speedily rescued from their position of imaginary imminent peril, not at all hurt and none the worse for the adventure but in the fright they had experienced, which was not, apparently, sufficiently serious to prevent them, a few minutes later, laughing at the episode and the grotesque figure they had made in it, over a bottle of wine, with their gallant rescuers, in the Hotel Brighton.

Baffled in Self-Murder.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 29th Keeper Downey, who has charge of the first tier in the City Prison, opened the door of cell 38, in which Francisco Portello, the murderer of Michael Bolender, is held, and saw the unoccupied bed, with the clothing thrown back, as though the prisoner had been unable to sleep. He called to him, but there was no answer, and throwing back the inside doors he saw Portello, stark naked, lying on the floor and gasping for breath. There was a pool of blood at the prisoner's left side. An alarm was given, and Warden Finn and Deputy Finlay were quickly in the cell. They raised Portello to his bed, and then it was seen that he had cut a long gash in one of his arms. Doctors Sprout and Hardy were telegraphed for, and after bandaging the arm they set to reviving Portello, who was very weak from loss of blood. Had the cut been only the sixteenth of an inch deeper the prisoner must have bled to death. A search of his cell disclosed a common prison spoon, ground down at the handle and bloody. Warden Finn conjectured that Portello had ground down the spoon in the night, and at the change of the night watch sawed away at his arm. The warden has ordered that Portello shall be strapped to his bed, and henceforward the prisoner will have to wear the prison mittens. These are made of soft leather, and are joined by stout strings, which bind his hands firmly. At night he is to be lashed to his bed.

When asked by the warden why he had attempted to kill himself the prisoner replied: "Me frightened! Me crazy! Me see the ghost of Bolender last night at de window. Me hang. Me die."

Cowardly Assassination.

CAIRO, Ill., July 30.—John Hogan, county constable, this afternoon shot and killed Charles D. Arter, ex-chief of police. Arter was seated and was reading a newspaper when Hogan approached behind him, and

without a word of warning, fired the fatal shot. He then quietly surrendered to an officer, who took him to jail. Hogan recently left his wife and has ever since appeared very despondent. His friends think that his mind is unsettled. Various rumors of a motive are afloat, but Hogan gives no explanation except that he considers his action justifiable.

Audacious Atrocity by a Tramp.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 30.—A special dispatch from Middleway, W. Va., to-night says a bold attempt made to outrage Miss Taylor, of Baltimore, who is visiting Mr. McClure, near this place, by a tramp on Monday night, was only prevented by the determined resistance of the young lady. The tramp, who gave the name of John Leffins, went to McClure's house and applied for work. Mr. McClure gave him the privilege of remaining on the farm for a day or two.

On Monday night the family had all retired to bed, when they were awakened by a series of piercing screams from Miss Taylor, who occupied the room overhead. Mr. McClure ran up-stairs, and hearing a scuffle inside the room was on the point of breaking open the door when the young lady, who had been in the clutches of the villain, succeeded in getting away. She unlocked the door, and Mr. McClure entered the room, finding the tramp in the act of making his escape. After a sharp struggle he succeeded in arresting his flight.

Miss Taylor, who occupied the room with a ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. McClure, stated that she was awakened by finding Leffins standing over her. She started up in alarm, when he made an attempt to assault her, and a desperate struggle ensued, during which she was thrown on the floor. The timely arrival of Mr. McClure, as stated, alarmed the villain, who failed to accomplish his purpose. Leffins was taken before Justice Roberts, who committed him for a hearing. The greatest excitement prevails in the locality, and the feeling against the tramp is very intense.

A Flirt Justly Punished.

Forney's Progress describes an interesting scene in a theatre. The flirt for once met her match: Seated in the orchestra a certain lady and gentleman; the former much enamored of the latter, in fact, desirous of winning him. The lady, however, has flirting tendencies, and indulges them with a handsome person in the circle. The escort is not unobservant of this little byplay, and finally asks smilingly: "Do you know that gentleman with whom you are flirting?" An embarrassed negative is the reply. "Then excuse me a moment." The escort immediately crosses the theatre and puts a similar question to the other conspirator. "Sir, are you acquainted with the lady at whom you have been smiling this last half hour?" "No." "Would you like to be?" pleasantly. Very much surprised, "Certainly." "Then come with me." A moment later the escort introduces the not altogether comfortable pair. Then the mild expression leaves the insulted gentleman's face, and he says sternly: "Now, sir, you may accompany this lady home." With a bow he takes his leave, and the woman who loves him never hears his voice again.

John Ender, a Skillful Colored Detective.

[With Portrait.]

John Ender, whose portrait is given elsewhere, is worthy of note as one of the very few colored detectives in this country, he being attached in that capacity to the police force of Chicago, of which he is esteemed a skillful, courageous and efficient member. Ender is thirty-one years of age and was born in Louisville, Ky. He has, however, resided in Chicago for sixteen years and served during the war in the 99th Illinois Colored Infantry under Colonel Bross. He has already signaled his connection with the police force of the city by some excellent service, notably that of the capture of Henry Delaney, a notorious and dangerous negro burglar and ex-convict of Chicago, in effecting which, a few months since, he exhibited a commendable amount of courage and detective talent.

Constable A. G. Stagg.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of A. G. Stagg, constable of Wood county, West Virginia, an officer who has a wide reputation in that section for courage and efficiency, and who has recently been brought into more general prominence through his capture of Mort Lee, the negro fiend, who committed a brutal outrage upon Mrs. Little, wife of the county treasurer, at Kanawha Falls, W. Va., on July 1. The black villain escaped at the time, but was arrested by Constable Stagg in Parkersburg, July 8, and by him delivered to officers from the former place, from whom, however, he was soon after taken by the exasperated citizens, who very properly disposed of him by suspending from a convenient bit of timber.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most attractive additions to our gallery, so far as physical beauty is concerned, that has yet been presented in our gallery of "Favorites of the Footlights," is the handsome portrait of Mlle. Genevieve, an exceedingly pretty and shapely woman, and a popular, versatile and piquant burlesque artiste and vocalist, which appears on another page of the current issue.

The Defoor Tragic Horror.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 30.—There are no new developments in the hunt for the Defoor murderers, though suspected negroes continue to arrive by every train. There are scouting parties all over the state, each seemingly on direct trails, but no trace can be found of the white tramp who is said to have been the leader of the crowd. His mysterious disappearance and the failure to find any trace of him has suggested new theories of the murder.

A BLOODTHIRSTY BRAVO.

Terribly Tragic Drama Enacted on a Prominent Thoroughfare, With Crowds of Homeward-Bound Working People

AS HORRIFIED SPECTATORS.

An Italian Assassin Lurks Behind a Pillar of the Elevated Railroad Whence he Springs Upon his Victim and Stabs him to the Heart

IN REVENGE FOR HIS LOSS OF WORK.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

At about half past five o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th ult., the firemen of Hook and Ladder Company No. 10 noticed a man loitering about on Fulton street, near the engine-house. He was dressed in a slovenly manner, and his heavy worsted shirt showed a large portion of his brawny throat. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and evidently possessed of colossal strength, but his face, with its heavy brown mustache and its four days' stubble of beard and whiskers had nothing prepossessing about it. All the features were heavy and brutal, and so marked was the ferocity of the countenance that many of the passers-by stopped to gaze upon the man, who kept his hands in his pockets, and seemed to be

SLIGHTLY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR.

As six o'clock approached the employees of A. Slauson & Co., confectioners, began to pour out of the manufactory at 32 Dey street. Many of them, on their way home, passed the corner of Fulton and Church streets, and saw the ill-looking man, who now pulled his soft hat over his face, and evidently tried to avoid recognition; but several of the men now passing knew who he was, and avoided him, for he had once worked with them in the confectionery, where he made himself, for the most part, feared and disliked.

Among the last to start from the manufactory were Michael Bolender of 108 Thompson street, foreman of the gumdrop department. He was a German, about forty-eight years old, and a steady, hard-working man. He had been employed by Mr. Slauson for thirteen years, and had amassed sufficient money to maintain his family in comfort. He had a wife and six children, ranging in age from eighteen months to eighteen years.

Last autumn, owing to a falling off of business, many of the factory hands had to be discharged, and among them was Frank Portello, the man who was

LOITERING NEAR THE ENGINE-HOUSE.

He had applied again and again to Foreman Bolender to be taken back, but his application had not been successful, and when on Monday, 21st ult., the foreman re-engaged certain of the old hands, he once more rejected Portello's claim to be reinstated. This aroused Portello to a frenzy, and he vowed to be revenged upon Bolender.

With Bolender, as he walked along Church street toward Fulton, were Edward Niedling and William Roberts, also foreman in Mr. Slauson's manufactory. The three walked abreast, Bolender between his companions, his arms linked in theirs, and a man named Valentine Steitz, also connected with the manufactory, a short distance in the rear. The three in front were in high spirits, and Bolender was amusing himself at the expense of Roberts, who wore a very white coat. Just before starting from the manufactory Bolender had a large piece of rock candy from the shelf and placed it in the watch-pocket of his vest, intending it as a treat for his youngest child.

As the three men approached the corner where Portello was standing, the latter quietly stepped behind a pillar supporting the elevated railroad, and

AWAITED THEIR APPROACH.

Twenty people saw him, but no one dreamed of the purpose on which he was bent. On came the three men, laughing and talking, but none of them saw the figure behind the post. They passed him, and then the man quickly drew a long butcher's knife, old and well worn, but whetted to the keenness of a razor, from inside his shirt. Two steps took him close behind the men who had just passed him, and, reaching over the shoulder of Niedling, who was walking on the outside, he struck with such force and accuracy at Bolender's breast that the knife penetrated his clothing exactly over his heart. But the piece of rock candy that Bolender was carrying home to his child turned the point aside, and for a moment saved his life. It was only for a moment. The foreman started forward and attempted to escape, but Portello, excited to tenfold ferocity by the failure of his first attempt, seized him by the arm and plunged the knife into his left breast. This time there was no mistake. The ten-inch blade penetrated to the hilt, and, as the subsequent examination indicated,

CLOVE THE HEART COMPLETELY IN TWO.

The murdered man did not fall at once. He rushed at the open door of George Talbot's establishment, a few feet away, dyeing the sidewalk with his blood as he ran, and taking a short, circular course, he pitched headlong to the pavement on his face. Such was the force of the fall that he slid fully three feet along the ground, and then turning with his face upward, he gasped three or four times, and then laid still.

The first man to reach his side was Foreman Monroe, of the Hook and Ladder Company. He knelt beside him on the ground, and placing his hand upon the wound, endeavored to stop the flow of blood, while he shouted to the firemen to bring a sponge and some ice water. He poured the water down Bolender's throat and pressed the sponge to the wound; but though the blood flowed on despite all efforts to staunch it,

THE MAN WAS ALREADY DEAD.

Meanwhile the murderer, with the knife in his hand, deliberately started to walk away. The crowd assembled at the corner had stood, apparently stupefied, for nearly two minutes; but this action of Portello's aroused them. With one accord they rushed forward

to seize him; but in the center of the street the murderer turned upon them like a flash. He is an Italian, and can speak hardly a word of English, but his action was far more significant than words. With the knife, dyed with the blood of his victim, in his upraised hand, and a fiendish look in his eyes, he presented a figure that nobody there cared to attack, and the crowd quickly melted away.

Portello walked slowly across Fulton street, taking a diagonal course, until he stood before the hat store of Simis & Sons, where he found his way barred by Policeman Londrigan. He presented his knife at the officer's breast, and with a quick, imperious motion of the disengaged hand, ordered him out of the way. The policeman, however, kept him off with his club while he warily watched for an opportunity to

RUSH IN UPON HIM AND KNOCK HIM DOWN.

It is questionable whether he would have succeeded in this, or whether the Italian would have numbered another victim, for while the fencing match between the club and the knife was in progress, Policemen Meany and Muret arrived. Meany knocked the man down with his club, but he still held the knife in his hand, and even on the ground defended himself desperately.

At this moment Deputy Marshall Kolb, who was expected to make an arrest near Broadway and Fulton street, came to the assistance of the police. He had his club with him, and with a sharp blow he knocked the knife out of the murderer's hand; but in a second he had it again and was dealing sweeping strokes at his assailants. Then Policeman Londrigan grasped his wrist with one hand while he clubbed him over the fingers with the other, and finally forced him to drop his weapon, but not before his own hand had been severely cut.

Then the crowd that had stood aloof before surrounded the disarmed prisoner and became

VALIANTLY CLAMOROUS FOR HIS LIFE.

They were allowed to carry the body of the murdered man to the police station, but the police took Portello there themselves. He presented a frightful figure as he was led through the street. His head seemed to be literally cut open, and his clothing was saturated with blood. But he sang Italian songs as he walked, and cursed his captors. At the police station he showed no remorse for his deed, but gazed without emotion upon the body of his victim. He said he was glad he had killed him, and wished he could have killed the policeman besides. For himself he vowed he would take his life before morning, and defied his jailers to prevent him. His knowledge of English was very limited, but he was understood to say that he was thirty-eight years of age, and a native of Genoa. He had been six years in this country, was married, and had a little boy about eighteen months old. He lived at 38 Baxter street. When he spoke of his child his voice softened somewhat, but in a moment he had cleared his throat, and went on in the same reckless way as before. He had killed Bolender, he said, because the foreman was

A WRETCH WHO DESERVED TO DIE.

He was a confectioner by trade, and unused to hard work, but Bolender had turned him away from the manufactory, and refused to take him back, even when there were plenty of vacancies. Finally he was obliged to hire himself out as a street cleaner, and go down the harbor in the scows. He detested such employment, and when he heard that Bolender was going to engage a number of new hands in the confectionery, he went to him and asked him for a place. But the foreman told him to go back and work upon the scows, for there was no employment for him in the confectionery. Portello swore to be revenged. He procured the butcher's knife from one of his friends in Baxter street, and loitered about near the manufactory for an hour before he saw Bolender and his companions coming from work. He had been drinking during the day, he said, and had taken both beer and whiskey, but he was not drunk, and knew perfectly well what he was doing when he stabbed his victim. At the time he spoke to the reporter he he was certainly not intoxicated, but the effects of the liquor he had taken during the day were plainly

PERCEPTIBLE UPON HIS LANGUAGE AND BEARING.

Mr. Slauson says that during the thirteen years that Bolender worked for him he never knew him to do an unjust action to any of the men under him. He was one of his most valued employees. Portello, he said, had worked on and off for him for four years. He was a supernumerary, and was usually discharged, with the rest of the men in the same class, at the new year, and taken on again when business revived. He was a tolerably good workman, but not sufficiently valuable to be employed all the year round. His behavior in the establishment was usually quiet and orderly, and though he was not a favorite, nobody suspected him of being a desperado.

Late that night Coroner Woltman took charge of the case, committed Portello to the City Prison, where he was locked up, and gave a permit for the removal of the body, which was taken to the house at 108 Thompson street. Here last night the family were assembled, and the rear room was crowded with

FRIENDS AND SYMPATHIZERS.

Mrs. Bolender was nursing her youngest child, and her grown-up daughters stood around her. They said that Bolender had never giving Portello any cause to quarrel with him, but had discharged him because the necessities of business compelled him to do so. A few days ago Bolender, when he went home to his dinner, as he always did in the middle of the day, told his family that Portello had threatened to take his life because he would not give him employment. He, in reply, had advised him to do so if he dared. But he laughed at the threat, and had no fear of its being put into execution. A year or two ago, one of the daughters said, her father mentioned that he had occasion to reprimand Portello severely. He considered him a lazy fellow, and not a good workman, but he employed him in order that his family might not be reduced to distress, and rarely spoke harshly to him.

Bolender was a large, powerful man, with a strong determined face, ornamented with a heavy mustache. He wore his age well, and looked fully eight years younger than he really was.

ONLY A LOST WOMAN.

Sad and Pitiful Story of the Ruin and Despair of the Once Fair and Joyous Daughter of a Happy Home and its Culmination in One of the Most Pathetic Deaths in the Annals of Suicide.

CINCINNATI, O., July 27.—"She was only a prostitute," said a gentleman yesterday evening when he heard of the suicide of Jennie Ball. "Only a prostitute," indeed; but the lost woman, whose body lies stark and cold in death on Longworth street this morning, a few years ago was the bright, joyous light of a happy home. Jennie Ball was a fictitious name. She was really Jennie Metzger, of New Carlisle, Ohio, where she was born and raised. There still lives her father, T. H. Metzger, an honored man, who owns extensive flouring mills known as Woodberry Mills at Midway, a dozen miles north of Dayton. She has a sister living in Steubenville, Ohio, and is respectably connected in Dayton. Jennie was very popular among her friends and acquaintances who knew her in her innocent girlhood. Among those who knew her best in that happy period of her life was the writer of this little sketch. The girl was far from being evil by nature. On the contrary, she was full of hilarious innocence, endowed with a sunshiny nature, a loving disposition and

A TOO-CONFIDING NATURE.

Like many girls of small country towns, Jennie, when about eighteen years old, became possessed with a desire to see city life, and she persuaded her indulgent father to let her go to Dayton to live. There he paid her board during one summer, and there she fell. A conductor on the Dayton and Michigan road led her into the first error—placed her own pure feet in the broad road of ruin whose end she reached yesterday at Eternity's gates. After this first false step the journey toward destruction was rapid. Poor Jennie met soon after a prominent young bachelor lawyer of Dayton, and gave herself up to him, body and soul. In the course of a year after her fall, she deserted home and happiness, and came to Cincinnati, where her lawyer lover furnished her a house in the West End. Here she lived as his mistress for several years, and here he visited her every few weeks, coming slyly from Dayton to make these clandestine calls. These visits became less and less frequent, and several years ago the lawyer abandoned her altogether. Then she abandoned every vestige of honesty in life and

OPENED A HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION.

Though abandoned to the evil life, the woman never lost her kind heart or her sunny disposition. A year ago she told the above story to the writer, who found her in the station-house cell on one of his reportorial rounds. She was then low down in the social scale of her class, and beyond redemption. But she talked lovingly of her father and sister, of the friends of her girlhood, of her Dayton lover, whom she had not forgotten, and of the memories which she could never forget. Two months ago she moved to 145 Longworth street and fitted up the house neatly, agreeing to pay for the furniture in monthly installments. She, no doubt, expected aid from some intimate friend to discharge these obligations, and this aid failed her. For this debt she was sued, and the trial was set before Squire Anthony for yesterday. Friday she sent for her friend to come to her help, and waited for him till midnight. When he failed to put in an appearance she evidently made up her mind to die. She arrayed herself in spotless clean linen, dressing as if for a bridal, and then all alone in the small hours of yesterday morning

TOOK A DEADLY DOSE OF MORPHINE.

The only girl in the house, known as Dolly, found her about eight o'clock yesterday morning lying on her bed insensible. Medical aid was at once called in but it was too late. The poison had been too well absorbed. Drs. Maley, Manly, Knight, Lehman, and several other physicians visited the dying woman during the day and did all that professional skill could do to save her life. Some kind ladies in the neighborhood, only remembering that the woman dying was one of their sex, came to the house of shame and death, and labored no less ardently than the physicians to snatch the lost soul from the abyss of death. Jennie rallied from her death-like condition about two o'clock in the afternoon, and answered to her name. At five o'clock one of the ladies put her mouth to the girl's ear and said, "Your father is here." The dying one rallied by a last effort, opened her eyes, smiled faintly and exclaimed, "Is he?—is he?" Then after a brief pause, she repeated, "Oh, I love papa better than any one on earth." These were her last words. At seven o'clock she took a last breath, and died while a messenger was riding as fast as steam could carry him

TO BRING HER FATHER TO HER BEDSIDE.

Under the dead woman's pillow was found an open bible with a chapter marked which she had no doubt been reading before she committed the rash deed. The suicide was coolly planned and carried out with a determined will. Who can imagine the agony of those dark, lonely hours yesterday morning while the lost girl was arraying herself for her death, reading her bible, going back to the religious teaching of a dead mother, reviewing the blasted hopes of her girlhood, and writing a last sad message to her loved, though abandoned father! The following letters were found in the bible under her pillow, written in a firm, cholarly hand. The first was addressed to Mollie Stanwood, 180 Smith street, and was as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND MOLLY:—Will you see that I am sent home? I am sick, and discouraged. Your best friend on earth,

JENNIE BALL,

"145 Longworth street."

The other was a message to her father, directed to him at Midway, Ohio, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—I am very sick, and I wish you would come and take me home. Mother's picture send it to sis at Steubenville, and the little picture is yours. Dear father, I wish to God I had taken your advice and come home and been a good girl; but it is too late now. If I should die I should like to be laid

with my mother. Do not let me be left in Cincinnati.

"Your daughter, JENNIE."

Such is the end of one of the saddest histories ever recorded from the suicide's records.

A Sunday-School Excursionist Loose.

The Virginia City, Nev., Chronicle tells the following:

A Virginia gentleman, from San Francisco, confided some of his experiences to a Chronicle reporter yesterday. While at the Bay he stopped at the Palace Hotel, and made a practice of dropping into the bar-room of that establishment of an evening, it being a retired and rather high-toned place. Last Wednesday evening the Comstocker lounged into the bar-room, and was pleased to behold there as the only occupants, Senator Sharon, Seth Cook, Tom Sunderland and a few other historic capitalists, sitting at a large, round table, in the center of which stood sundry bottles bearing the mystical word "Roederer." Presently a middle-aged man, somberly dressed in broadcloth and wearing a plug hat, staggered in from the hall-way, and lurching up to the bar yelled for everybody to come up and have something to drink. The Sharon-Cook party paid no attention to the boisterous new arrival, but quietly went on with their gossip. Giving a furious whoop and smashing his tile down on his head, the stranger performed a war-dance to the middle of the room and declared himself. He was a bad man, he said, and always made it a practice to strew upon the floor the bowels of any person who declined to drink upon his invitation. To point his remarks the stranger wound up by drawing an eighteen-inch Arkansas tooth-pick from the back of his collar and advanced upon the table. There was a stampede. When the Virginian peeped up from behind the bar, to which position he had quietly and calmly walked at the beginning of the trouble, he perceived that Sharon and his friends had gone out, and that a policeman was lugging the war-like stranger out of the place.

"Who is he?" asked the Virginia man of the bar-keeper.

"Oh, he's a good enough man when he isn't in liquor," replied the man of drinks, nervously polishing the rosewood bar with a towel. "He was one of the quietest men I ever saw when he first came here about two days ago, but he's bad when he's full."

"From Bodie, I suppose?" suggested the Virginian.

"Bodie? Hell, no. He's from Boston. He belongs to that Sunday-school excursion party."

Singular Result of a Murder Trial.

A boy in Clayton county, Ga., was sent to borrow Mrs. Farmer's mule. He got the beast and rode away, leaving Mrs. Farmer peacefully smoking in a doorway, while her idiot daughter was busy in the garden. A little distance from the house he met his father, who told him to take the mule back, as he should not want it after all. On returning, the boy found that Mrs. Farmer had been killed by blows on the head with an ax, the daughter frightfully wounded, and an attempt made to set the house on fire. Julia Johnson, an old negress, lived near by. She went to Atlanta on the morning after the murder, and spent more money for clothes than was usual. In her cabin was found some sugar, and under the structure a bundle of clothes, which had been taken from Mrs. Farmer's house. On Julia's apron were spots of blood, and, to crown it all, Miss Farmer said that Julia was the person who struck her down. The feeling against her was so strong that an attempt was made to lynch her; yet her trial has just resulted in her acquittal. Her lawyer accounted for the possession of the money that she spent in Atlanta, demonstrated by cross-examination that Miss Farmer was mentally incompetent as a witness, and argued that the stolen sugar and clothing had been taken to her house by the real assassin. He boldly declared that this guilty man was Charles Gibson, who married a second daughter of Mrs. Farmer after the murder, and would have done so before but for the mother's violent opposition, in order to get the property. He proved that Gibson's movements on that day were suspicious. This startling defense, whether sound or not, was effective with the jury, but Gibson and a mob tried to kill the lawyer and his client after the verdict.

Bloody Ingratitude for Kindness.

BAITIMORE, Md., July 24.—A young man named Carl Crabberfield, nineteen years old, who is supposed to be insane, made an unprovoked attempt to brain two men, named George Luccians and Frank Pachti, in the eastern section of the city, about three o'clock this morning. Crabberfield is a newly arrived immigrant, who was befriended by the two men whom he attempted to kill. The young man got of bed in the room where they were sleeping at the hour named, and after taking all the valuables out of the others' clothes, and placed them in his own pocket, he dressed himself, and procured a heavy iron sledge-hammer from a corner of the room. Approaching his two companions, who were still sleeping, he dealt Luccians a fearful blow on the head, the iron sinking into his forehead and fracturing his skull. Pachti was aroused by the shock and spang up, only to be dealt a fearful blow in the face, which crushed in the nose and knocked him senseless. Crabberfield struck Luccians a second time, when the latter staggered to his feet and ran down stairs and into the street, screaming wildly for help. When the police arrived Crabberfield was found standing in the room, apparently exhausted from passion and showed no disposition to escape. The injured men are in the hospital, and their recovery is considered doubtful.

Mr. Calvin, a Cincinnati German, wooed a Jewess in vain, and inferred, from what she said, that if he was a Jew she would marry him. So he went through with all rites required of Gentiles who embrace the Jewish religion, and, after this ordeal, again presented himself as a suitor. But the maiden still declined his offer, and he is convinced of her entire heartlessness.

SOLVING A MYSTERY.

The Discovery of Some Bogus Jewelry under a Forest Tree Leads to the Revelation of a Murder Committed a Quarter of a Century Ago.

BRADFORD, Pa., July 25.—In a window of the Edenburg House a quantity of cheap jewelry is displayed. It consists of ladies' breastpins and ear-rings and a few bosom pins, such as were worn by gentlemen a score or more of years ago. This jewelry is by no means solid gold. A thin coat of plating made the trinkets gaudy in their time and well calculated to catch the eye of rustic maidens and their lovers. About this jewelry there is a story. A day or two ago two men—T. T. Dalton and George Wilson—were working on the hill south of Harrisburg. A rain came up and the two men took shelter under a fallen tree. For many a month the trunk has been decaying on the ground. The bark has peeled off in places and moss has grown over the roots.

WRESTED FROM THE EARTH BY A SEVERE STORM. Nestling up close to the roots to escape the drops of rain pattering down, one of the men saw an ear-ring lying at his feet. It was dirty covered with mud. He picked it up and, as he did so, his eyes fell upon another ear-ring and another and another.

It is needless to say that about this time both men were excited. They didn't stop for the rain. It might have fallen in torrents and they never would have minded it. Getting a pick and shovel they set to work in earnest, confident that a vast treasure was hidden somewhere in the ground. Where the rings had been found was a hole made by a mole. Following the course of the hole they dug for four feet under the roots of the fallen tree. Here they found a box nearly filled with ear-rings and pins. The box was so much decayed that

IT COULD NOT BE REMOVED.

One or two small spots were found showing that it had been painted red on the outside and yellow on the interior. The little mole had made its way through the wood and in one corner of the box had selected for itself an abode. It had arranged a soft couch of dry leaves and grass. Hinges, clasp and handle of the box were found, showing clearly that it had once been the property of a peddler. The men brought their treasure to town, but their labor was but poorly rewarded after all, for the jewelry is of but small value. There can be no doubt but that it had been in its hiding-place for many a long year. It had evidently been stolen and secreted at a time when the land was heavily timbered. Of course there are many stories and speculations as to how the box with its jewelry

CAME TO BE PLACED UNDER THE TREE.

That told by a resident of Bradford of forty years standing to a reporter of the Bradford Era seems to be more probable than any of the others. The story is this:

Twenty-five years ago there was an old German peddler who made periodical tours through this section of the country. He hawked articles both of utility and ornamentation, and his coming was always eagerly looked for by the good housewife and spinster. One of his boxes contained cheap, flashy jewelry, for which he had a large sale among the females. On one of his tours, which proved his last, he suddenly disappeared at some point near Lewis Run, several



JAMES CROSBY, A FARMER, NEAR CONEWANGO STATION, N. Y., ON ENTERING HIS HOUSE AT NIGHT IS ATTACKED IN THE DARK BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT, AND, ON ALARMING THE NEIGHBORS, DISCOVERS THAT HIS WIFE HAS BEEN MURDERED IN HER BED.

miles south of this city. The German peddler generally drove sharp bargains and gathered goodly sums of money in tramping through the hills and valleys of this county. Near where the peddler was last seen

and old man with his son-in-law and the latter's brother resided. Their names could be given, but as they have friends still living in the county and the names will add nothing to the story it is

DEEMED BEST TO WITHHOLD THEM.

These men had acquired a reputation of being unprincipled and possessing a greed for gold that would prompt them to the commission of any crime for the gratification of their passion for gain. The peddler disappearing near their place of residence the opinion at the time and since has been that they murdered the aged German for his money and disposed of the body and traps in some manner unknown. Although they were never brought before the bar justice, the neighbors grew bold in charging home to the old man and two brothers the murder of the peddler. Public opinion was unpleasantly strong and expressive against them, and they began to consider the matter, of seeking a more salubrious locality. They found a purchaser for their property, and without ceremony the party quickly emigrated to some remote point in the far west.

Nothing could be found to confirm the belief of the neighbors that the peddler had suffered death at their hands, yet the community was confident

THEY WERE GUILTY OF THE CRIME.

Four years ago the man who purchased the property from the old man and two brothers was plowing in a field. Coming close to a stump he unearthed what seemed a human bone. Digging the ground away somewhat the skeleton of an adult was found in a cavity under the stump. From its peculiar position the belief was common that it was the German peddler's remains, and that he had been murdered. His remains after the murder were hidden away under the stump. In forcing the body in the hole it was necessary to double it up. The skeleton remains were in the same position. Where the remains were found is the same locality in which the peddler was last seen alive. Whether the murderers of the peddler, as the parties undoubtedly were, journeyed up the valley and buried the jewelry under the tree where it was discovered is difficult to determine. It is quite likely, however, owing to the strong suspicion directed against them and the probable fear that a search would be made about the premises. The murderers in all probability placed a false value on the jewelry and intend to have taken it with them on their journey to the west. But their movements were so closely watched prior to their departure that it was deemed hazardous to exhume the treasure or have it in their possession.

Horrible and Mysterious Murder

[Subject of Illustration.]

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 24.—At ten o'clock last night a farmer named James Crosby returned to his home near Conewango Station, fifteen miles from Jamestown. He missed the light that his wife had heretofore left burning for him in the window, and also heard a shrill whistle which came from a grove near by, but paid no attention to it. He entered his house by an unfastened kitchen door, took off his coat and boots, and then called his wife. He had no sooner spoken than he received a heavy blow on the head. He grasped his assailant and fought until he was dragged to the roadway, where he received another blow and was shot through the hand. His assailants then fled. A cry of murder brought neighbors to the scene of the disturbance, and on entering the house they found Mrs. Crosby dead in her bed, and the pillows stained with blood. Finger prints on her neck



A PANDEMONIUM IN A HUCKLEBERRY MARSH—SUNDAY ORGIES IN A TRAMPS' PARADISE, NEAR SOUTH BEND, IND.—THE "HUCKLEBERRY QUEEN'S" ATTEMPT TO DISCIPLINE TWO ROUGHS WHO REBELLED AGAINST HER AUTHORITY.—SEE PAGE 11.

showed that she had been choked to death to prevent her alarming others in the house. She had been dead about half an hour when found. A little child in a trundle bed near its mother was not awakened. Private papers were overhauled by the robbers, and a revolver and a small amount of money were carried off. Two men were arrested on suspicion, but they have been released.

Bloody Row on a Sunday Excursion.

[Subject of Illustration.]

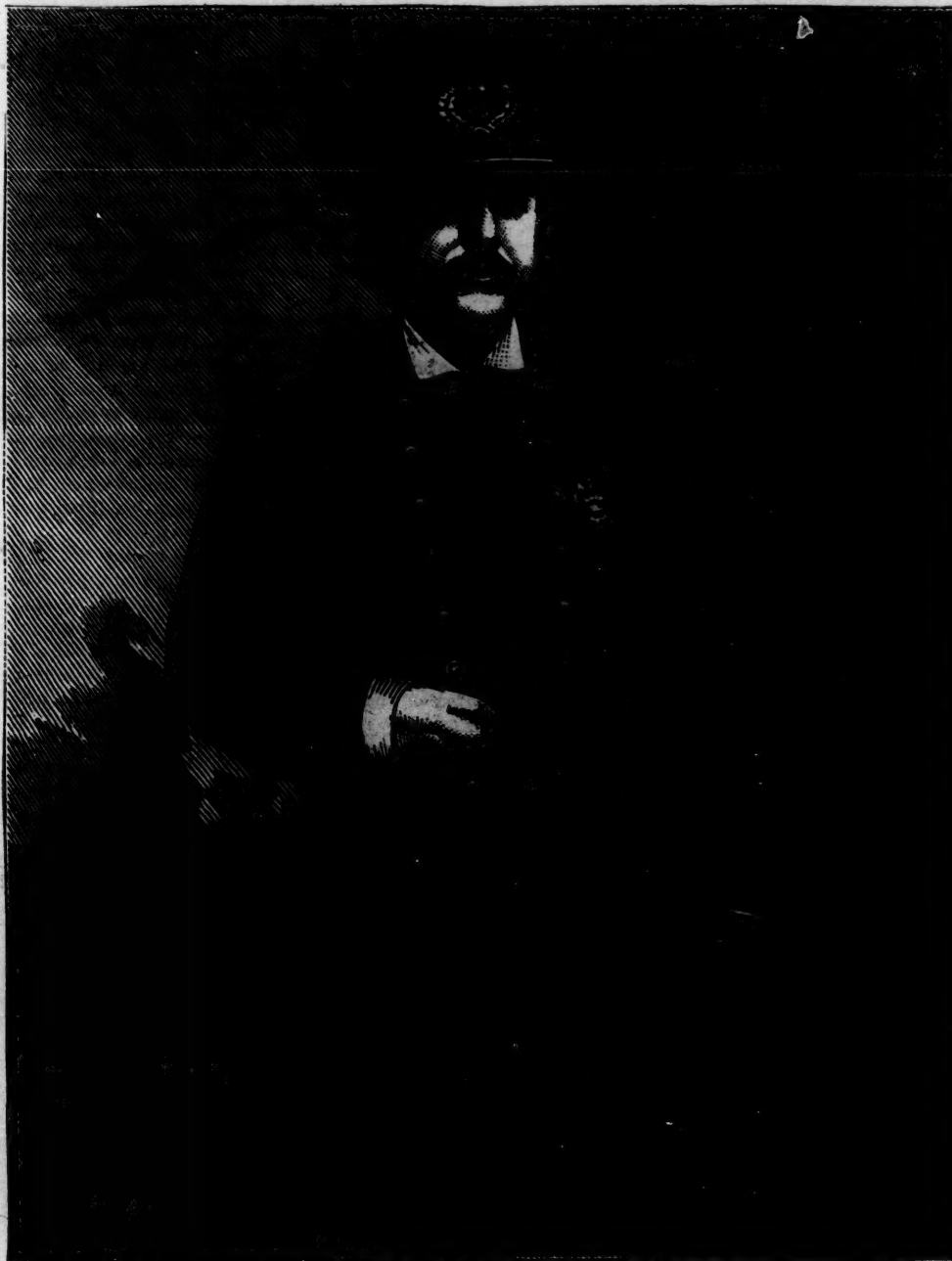
The Willett Club's excursion to College Point Pavilion, set down for Sunday, 27th ult., had been for weeks the chief topic in the Eleventh ward. The president is the owner of a lager beer saloon in Willett street, near Stanton. On the week preceding President Snyder hired the pavilion at College Point, at the foot of Broadway, for \$40. At the foot of Eighth street on Sunday morning, 27th ult., the tug Winalow had a large barge in readiness for the excursionists. They numbered between 700 and 800 men and women, nearly all unmarried. A string band and a cornet player furnished music on the upper decks, and on the lower deck lager beer and stronger liquors were dispensed. Music, dancing and beer drinking were the harmless recreations indulged in while the excursionists were afloat, and on their arrival at the pavilion dancing was continued on the platform, and President Snyder had his beer kegs rolled behind the bar.

The owner of the pavilion objected to Snyder's selling the running of the luncheon counter in New York before the excursion started to one of the party who had come prepared to sell cold baked meats. Frankhein wanted that privilege for himself. The president tried to buy him off for \$5, but Frankhein wanted \$10; finally \$5 was accepted. The incident bred ill humor among those of the excursionists who drank at the bar. Meanwhile the music became fast and furious on the dancing platform.

After the cornet player had played for a time in the quadrilles one of the deputy sheriffs appointed by the town authorities to keep order apprised the president that the noise must be stopped. The president replied that the music was disturbing nobody, and that as the excursionists had hired the park they would enjoy what music they pleased.

The excursionists say that a quarrel arose between them and the deputy sheriffs on account of the music. But the president says that a boy from the barge was caught by one of the deputies stealing a keg of beer from Mr. Snyder. At any rate, the deputies seized the boy and were about to take him to the lock-up, and a crowd of men considerably intoxicated attempted a rescue. The deputies were nine or ten in number, and some of them, if not all, showed their badges and said that it was their duty to keep the peace in the pavilion. Pistols were drawn, by which party first cannot be learned. The excursionists say that the officials pulled out pistols and presented them at the crowd, which was enlarging at every instant.

Pistols having been drawn, stones and bricks were torn from the walks and hunted up on the grounds and flung at the body of deputies, who were massed together. It could not be ascertained from which side



THOMAS J. KENNEDY, LATE CAPTAIN COMMANDING THIRTY-FIFTH PRECINCT, NEW YORK POLICE FORCE; DIED JULY 24, 1879.—See Page 7.

the first shot was fired. Firing was begun and kept up for five minutes or longer. In less than that time the excursionists broke and ran. One man had fallen on the grass, shot through the left lung above the heart. He was Andrew W. Distil.

Many members of the club ran out of the inclosed

grounds into the street and through the town in the wildest alarm. Others ran to the barge and stayed on board until the return homeward. A few ran to Distil to see how badly he was hurt. He had been drinking heavily all day, and was the foremost in the crowd who withstood the deputies. He was very

weak from loss of blood, and was removed to the bowling alley and laid on a mattress. He has not since been moved, and is pronounced in a critical condition. Two other excursionists were shot, but not dangerously. The keeper of the free baths at the foot of Gouverneur street, who is known as "Fatty" Grote, is accused by the deputies of having shot Distil. He was accordingly arrested on the 28th and taken to College Point for examination on the charge.

How He Persuaded Them to "Salute" His Bride.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a marriage at the upper end of the Detroit, Lansing and Northern railroad, a few days since. A great big chap, almost able to throw a car-load of lumber off the track, fell in love with a widow who was cooking for the hands in a saw-mill, and after a week's acquaintance they were married. The boys around the mill lent William three calico shirts, a dress coat and a pair of white pants, and chipped in a purse of about \$20, and the couple started to Detroit on a bridal tour within an hour after being married.

"This 'ere lady," explained William as the conductor came along for tickets, "are my bride. Just spliced fifty-six minutes ago. Cost \$5, but darn the cost! She's a lily of the valley, Mary is, and I'm right-bower in a new pack o' keards. Conductor salute the bride!"

The conductor hesitated. The widow had freckles and wrinkles and a turn-up nose, and kissing the bride was no gratification.

"Conductor, salute the bride or look out for tornadoes!" continued William, as he rose up and shed his coat.

The conductor saluted. It was the best thing he could do just then.

"I never did put on style before," muttered William, "but I'm bound to see this thing through if I have to fight all Michigan. These 'ere passengers has got to come to the chalk, they has."

The car was full. William walked down the aisle, waved his hand to command attention, and said:

"I've just been married; over thar sets the bride. Anybody who wants to salute the bride kin now do so. Anybody who don't want to will hev cause to believe that a tree fell on him!"

One by one the men walked up and kissed the widow, until one was left. He was asleep. William reached over and lifted him into a sitting position and commanded:

"Ar' ye goin' to dust over thar' an' kiss the bride?"

"Blaze your bride, and you too," growled the passenger.

William drew him over the back of the seat, laid him down in the aisle, and tied his legs in a knot, and was making a bundle of him just of a size to go through the window, when the man caved and went over and saluted.

"Now, then," said William, as he put on his coat, "this bridal tour will be resumed as usual, and if Mary and me squeeze hands or git to laying heads on each other's shoulders I shall demand to know who laffed about it, an' I'll make him e-magine that I'm a hull boom full of the biggest kind o' saw-logs, an' more comin' down on the next rise. Now, Mary hitch along an' let me git my arm around ye."



A SANGUINARY SUNDAY EXCURSION—THE WILLETT CLUB, AN ELEVENTH WARD ORGANIZATION, MAKES A PLEASURE PILGRIMAGE TO COLLEGE POINT, LONG ISLAND, WHICH ENDS IN RIOT, BLOODSHED AND PROBABLE MURDER.



HOW HE PERSUADED THEM TO SALUTE HIS BRIDE—A GIGANTIC MICHIGAN LUMBERMAN, ON HIS WEDDING TRIP, INVITES HIS FELLOW-PASSENGERS TO KISS HIS NEWLY-MADE WIFE IN A MANNER THAT ADMITS OF NO DECLINING.

A DESPERADO'S DEATH.

John Barrett, a Stubborn Sing Sing Convict,
Rendered Frantic by Punishment
for his Unruly Conduct,

MAKES A DASH FOR LIBERTY

And Takes Refuge in the Foundry, Where he
Incites his Fellow Convicts to Revolt and
Raises an Incipient Insurrection, Which is

ONLY QUELLED BY HIS DEATH.

[With Illustrations.]

During a whole hour there was intense excitement in the Sing Sing Prison on the 25th ult. It was nothing less than an attempt at insurrection on the part of 200 convicts, whose defiant attitude put to test the utmost nerve of six keepers.

John Barrett was a convict in the prison. He entered the institution on the 25th of October, 1877, having been sentenced by Recorder Hackett the day before to imprisonment for three years and a half for confessed burglary in the third degree. He was nineteen years old then, a bar-tender by profession, a New Yorker by birth, and lived with his widowed mother, Bridget Barrett, at 310 East Thirty-first street. He was a good-looking, resolute-faced young fellow, with dark brown hair and gray eyes. He was five feet four inches in height, and weighed 140 pounds. He did not take kindly to prison life, and frequently was morose, refusing to work. He was assigned to section B, in the north foundry, where he became a proficient molder, in the department where stoves were made. But often he would refuse to work, and it was not an unusual thing for him to be

LOCKED IN THE DARK CELLS.

These are cells 41 to 49 inclusive, on the first floor of the east row of cells, and are used as places of punishment for refractory prisoners. On Tuesday morning, 22nd, Barrett refused to work. He did not complain of illness, but Dr. Joseph H. Smith, the prison physician, examined him, as was his duty, to see if the convict was really unfit for work. He decided that the young man was all right, and refused to give him a ticket excusing him from work. Barrett still refusing to work, was locked in a dark cell. On the following morning he refused to set his pail outside his cell door, as all convicts are ordered to do. Not long after, Dr. Smith, as his custom, visited the dark cells to examine the condition of the inmates. When Keeper Mackin opened the door, and even before it was fully open, Barrett dashed the contents of his pail

SQUARE IN THE DOCTOR'S FACE.

On Thursday, 24th, he was punished for this, by undergoing what in prison parlance is called "padding," and which may be described as a severe spanking upon the bare skin with a strap. Head Keeper Biglin, a powerful young man, applied the strap. The next morning Barrett complained of feeling ill, and Dr. Smith ordered him an extra diet of tea and toast. About eleven o'clock he wished to examine Barrett, and, for obvious reasons, not wishing to visit his cell, he ordered him taken to Keeper Biglin's office, which is a few steps only from the dark cells, in the wing which runs east and west. Keepers James McCormick and Patrick Mackin were detailed to conduct him to the office. Just before they reached it Mackin noticed that Barrett's hands were in his jacket pockets. It is against the rules for a convict to have his hands in his pocket while going through the yards.

"I ordered him to take his hands out of his pockets and to fold his arms," said Keeper Mackin, a solid, plucky-looking young Irishman. "He did so, stepped a pace forward and then started back. I stepped back also to grab him, so that he wouldn't run away, and as I did so he struck at me and cut me here in the coat," pointing to a slash in his coat

DIRECTLY OVER THE HEART.

"Even then I didn't know that he had a knife, for I didn't see it, and I closed in with him. I was on his right side by that time, and he struck down at me with a knife that he had in his right hand, and the blade went through my coat skirt, through my trousers and into my left thigh," and the officer showed the cuts in his clothing, and afterward displayed an ugly cut near the groin, which Dr. Smith said was within an inch of the femoral artery, and came near to being an exceedingly dangerous wound.

"After he cut me there," continued the keeper, "he came for me the third time, and then Keeper McCormick struck him with his cane and knocked him down. He jumped up in a moment, and started down the yard toward the north foundry, jumping over a four-foot railing on his way."

"As he started to run," said Keeper McCormick, a large, good-looking man, with luxurious side-whiskers, "I struck at him again, and just grazed him. I followed him a little way, and then went back to look at Mackin, who was bleeding. Then Mr. Biglin told me I'd better follow Barrett and bring him back. I couldn't see anything of him, but an old convict, at work sorting a pile of old iron, told me that Barrett had run that way, had picked up two pieces of iron and had gone up

ON THE ROOF OF THE FOUNDRY.

I went around the other side of the building to see that he didn't get down that way." Meanwhile Keepers Biglin, Good, Bowes and Miller had assembled, and Keeper Good went up into the cupola to get on the roof. As he stepped through the window a piece of iron whizzed by his head, just grazing his ear, and Barrett, who was about fifteen feet distant, cried out: "You — — —, I'll kill you if you come out here." The keeper didn't stop, but climbed through the window, pulling his revolver as he advanced. Another chunk of iron whizzed by his head,

thrown by the convict, luckily not hitting him, and then the keeper fired.

"I didn't aim at Barrett," said Keeper Good, a tall, dark-faced, black-whiskered man, with a quiet manner and a low voice; "I just fired promiscuously, and ordered him to stop throwing at me. When I fired he jumped through one of the cupola windows and got away."

From the roof Barrett made his way directly to his old place of work, which was in the center of the north foundry. Around him were 200 or 300 convicts,

ALL WITHIN SOUND OF HIS VOICE.

The convict picked up a broken rammer, an instrument used for packing sand in a mould. It was a piece of ash, two feet long, with a large piece of iron at one end. When the keepers entered the building Barrett stood in a corner made by a partition and a water tank. He could not be reached from behind. Keeper McCormick was the first to approach the man, who stood with the rammer grasped in both hands, ready for use.

"Drop that rammer, Barrett," said McCormick, drawing his revolver. Barrett with an oath refused. "If you don't I'll shoot," said the keeper.

"Shoot and be — — —," was the reply. The keeper then put his revolver in his pocket, and talked with the desperate man.

"You are making a fool of yourself, Barrett," he said. "Put that rammer down and come around this way and go with me."

"Not much," replied the convict. "I'll kill some scoundrel before they punish me again."

Here Keeper Biglin came up, and told McCormick to stay there and keep guard over Barrett until the convicts fell in line for dinner. There was already much excitement in the foundry, and the 150 convicts who worked in the immediate vicinity of Barrett began to crowd around. Keepers Good and Miller also came up, and Barrett laughed when he saw Good and grasped his weapon tighter. Then the bell rung, the signal for the convicts to

FALL IN LINE FOR DINNER.

"Go to the mess-room," shouted one of the convicts to Barrett.

"The idea was," said Warden Davis, "for Barrett to go to the mess-room where 1,235 convicts are gathered at one time for dinner in the care of a comparatively few keepers. There an insurrection would early have arisen. The plan of the officers was to keep Barrett where he was until the convicts had all quit the foundry."

As the bell rung Barrett reached up to a shelf above his head, took down a molder's hammer, shook it in his hand to test it, grasped his rammer in his left hand and the hammer in his right, and seemed to await the action of his fellow convicts. Mr. Darcey, keeper of Section B, Barrett's section, called his men into line. They obeyed reluctantly. As they formed Barrett made a motion as if to join them. Keeper Biglin said:

"Don't make a fool of yourself. Come with me." "If you promise that you won't punish me I'll go," said Barrett. The keeper again

ORDERED THE CONVICT TO FOLLOW HIM.

"I will not," said Barrett, with an oath, and he raised the hammer. Keeper Good drew his revolver. "If you throw that I'll shoot you," he said. At this the convicts broke line and crowded toward the keepers. Their shouts and yells filled the building.

"He doesn't shoot," "Take his pistol away from him," were some of the cries that the keepers were able to distinguish. Barrett shook the hammer and shouted, "You don't shoot; you are a coward. You don't dare shoot." Good was very cool, and said to the convict that he didn't want to shoot him or any other man, and that he had better be quiet and go out of the building. This quiet answer seemed to embolden Barrett as well as the other convicts. Again cries and yells were heard, and Barrett shouted that he was going out with the line when it went out. "If you do it won't be well for you," said Good. Barrett at this started toward the keeper with the hammer raised. "Halt," shouted Good, and for an instant the convict obeyed. Then with a yell he raised the hammer again and rushed forward. Keeper Good's pistol rang out with a sharp report. The convict stopped; his hammer dropped behind him from his uplifted hand; he staggered forward against the convicts near him, who scattered like sheep at the sound of the shot, and fell heavily on the sand of the molding floor. There was silence for a second, and then

THE CONVICTS AGAIN RUSHED FORWARD.

The keepers turned on them with drawn pistols and formed them into line, while Keepers Biglin and Good carried Barrett out. He did not speak, gasped once or twice and died. The bullet had entered his left breast and passed through the heart.

"It was a ticklish place, I tell you," said Keeper McCormick, speaking of the incipient insurrection. "There were pieces of iron, in convenient shape, lying all over the foundry, and 150 men anxious to get a chance to use them on us. They were ready for anything, and if Good had not fired, and had attempted to master Barrett by strength, or if he had run, they'd have been on us in a moment and killed every one of us. No one would have got out alive."

Coroner Ackerman, of Dobb's Ferry, was summoned, and during the evening the inquest was held. The testimony gave the facts of the killing as told above. Dr. Smith spoke of the punishment of Barrett, and said that it was rather severe. Sometimes "padding" drew a little blood, but it did not incapacitate men from working. When Barrett was taken from the dark cell he was one of the most muscular and able men in the institution. The jury looked at the body as it lay in an upper room. The features were calm and resolute, and rather prepossessing. The dead man's hair was not short, as is usual with convicts, but flowed back from a white high forehead in brown masses.

A verdict of justifiable homicide was given.

One hundred and thirty boys have enlisted for the navy by the steamer Minnesota, at Poughkeepsie and Kingston, N. Y.

ANOTHER ADIEU

Waved to Raymond Street Jail by "Billy" Porter and "Johnny" Irving, Who Break Through a Cordon of Police, Hungry for the Reward for Their Capture, and Neatly Give Their Would-be Captors the Go-by.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was great excitement in Passaic, N. J., at about one o'clock on the morning of the 23d ult., over the attempt to arrest William Porter and John Irving, the burglars who escaped from the Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, some six weeks ago. When Sheriff Riley of Kings county offered a reward of \$2,500 for the recapture of the two criminals, one of the circulars fell into the hands of State Detective Fred Whitehead of Passaic, and subsequently he received photographs of the runaways. Ever since, Whitehead has kept a lookout for them, although he had little notion that they would ever visit Passaic city. However, in New York recently, he overheard a remark which led him to believe that the men had been at Passaic, and were intending to go there, and he sent out a "stool-pigeon" to work

AMONG THE THIEVES AND ROGUES IN NEW YORK. This resulted in Whitehead's learning that the particular friend of Porter and Irving was Mrs. Mendelbaum, who lived in Clinton street. Whitehead went to New York and got a look at this woman for his information. The next day he was surprised to see her getting off the cars in Passaic. He followed her and saw her go to the Passaic City Hotel. She remained there for several hours and then went away. The next day she came again. This occurred several days in succession. Then came "Mickey" Welch, who Whitehead had been told was a suspicious person, and who, after getting off at the depot, took a back street and reached the hotel

BY A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE.

Detective Whitehead, through a third person, succeeded in ascertaining that Mrs. Mendelbaum and Welch were making arrangements for Porter and Irving to come to Passaic and put up at the Passaic City Hotel, which is a fine building, right in the heart of the city, kept by George Rettinger. Porter arrived on Monday, 14th ult., and went direct to the hotel. Mrs. Mendelbaum and Welch came up every day or so, and the three had long and earnest private talks in their room. On Monday afternoon 21st ult., Irving arrived on the half past two o'clock train. He was accompanied by "Mickey" Welch and two women, with a lot of baggage, and a colored girl, who was dressed as a nurse. It is presumed that the women were merely brought to prevent possible suspicion, for the whole party took a route opposite to that leading to the hotel, and after going some distance

THE WOMEN WERE LEFT BEHIND.

Irving and Welch reached the hotel by a back way separately, and after dark the women and colored girl took the train back to New York. Still later on Monday night, 21st ult., Welch went back to New York also, accompanied by Porter's wife, whose arrival in Passaic had not been known to the officers.

In the meantime Detective Whitehead sent word to the Brooklyn authorities that he had Porter and Irving under his eyes. Sheriff Riley and five detectives went immediately to Passaic, and all the Passaic policemen and constables and a number of amateurs were engaged to assist in "shadowing" the criminals. The burglars in the meantime were having a good time, spending money with a lavish hand, and yet without enough ostentation to cause suspicion outside the numerous professional and amateur detectives who were shadowing them. Besides Detective Whitehead there were Sheriff Riley and his five deputies, the Assistant District Attorney of Kings ex-Assemblyman John Kennell, Chief of Police Oldis, Officers John Wynn and William Hendrie, a printer named George Smith, and several others.

MAKING THE TOTAL NUMBER ABOUT SEVENTEEN.

Most of these were anxious for an immediate capture of the thieves, but Sheriff Riley thought that possibly the thieves might be joined by others, and then he could capture the whole lot at once. Fred Whitehead and John Kennell were especially averse to this plan, but they gave way to the notion of the sheriff. Furthermore, the sheriff at first said he was not exactly satisfied that the men were really Irving and Porter, they having partially disguised themselves. But Whitehead and others who had the chance to examine them more closely were fully satisfied that the countenances of the two men were identical with the photographs, with the exception of the color of their hair and clothes and the trim of their mustaches.

By the next day the sheriff had all his doubts of the men being the right parties dissipated by getting a fair look at them. Then he came to the conclusion to make the arrest as soon as they could be caught together. This, however, was not very easy, for Porter and Irving studiously kept apart. They could never be caught together at any hour of the day. To have a throng awaiting them on their arrival at the hotel in the evening would, it was feared,

GIVE THEM THE ALARM.

There was considerable speculation among the company of detectives as to whether the runaways carried revolvers or not. It was finally concluded that they must be armed, and that it would be a great deal safer to arrest them suddenly while asleep, before they could get a chance to defend themselves.

On that evening the arrangements were made to make a sudden attack upon Porter and Irving as they lay asleep, about four o'clock the next morning. It was thought that at about that time they would be the soundest asleep of any hour during the night. The deputies, detectives and amateurs were accordingly posted at about midnight around the neighborhood of the hotel, and in all the alleyways, on the corners, and in the back sheds, to intercept the burglars if they should attempt to escape. Rettinger, the proprietor of the Passaic City Hotel, had not been informed of what was going on, but it seems that he was watching the movements of the unusually large number of liberal strangers about his hotel, and

BECAME SUSPICIOUS HIMSELF.

On the Tuesday evening in question John Kennell

was detailed to stay in the bar-room and play cards with some friends, and keep a watch to see when Porter and Irving came into the hotel and went to their room, and to ascertain in which part of the house they slept. Porter and Irving came in about twenty minutes to twelve, and, after having a drink and taking a cigar, they repaired to their room. As soon as possible Kennell went out and reported to the sheriff, and the latter went around to see that the men were all on their posts, the intention being to keep up the watch until four o'clock the next morning, when the raid on the rooms was to be made.

At about one o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, Rettinger was seen to come out and walk toward the depot and look about. On his way back he accidentally discovered one of the deputies sitting on an opposite stoop

WATCHING THE HOTEL.

Rettinger quickened his steps, but said nothing. A few minutes later Rettinger was seen to come out and look around, and then he went back into the building. Shortly after Porter and Irving came out and started on a run toward William street, a short street that runs in the rear of the hotel. But there in a shed were concealed Policeman John Wynn and his two deputies, who, seeing the burglars coming toward them, ran out and attempted to seize them. At this Porter and Irving turned suddenly and ran the other way, toward Main avenue. At Main avenue and Passaic street were posted John Kennell and four deputies, while on the opposite side of the street were Chief of Police Oldis and two other policemen. When these eight men saw the two fugitives running they gave chase, and followed through Main avenue with their revolvers in their hands, yelling, "Stop thief!" Finding themselves closely followed, Porter and Irving dodged into an alleyway that leads to the rear of the residence of Peter Van Iderstine. In this alley was posted Policeman William Hendrie. He attempted to stop the two runaways, but Porter pulled out a revolver, and, pointing it right in Hendrie's face, fired. Hendrie

DODGED, AND THUS SAVED HIS LIFE.

The powder went into his face, and severely burned it, but the injury was not serious. Hendrie returned the shot, but in the excitement and darkness missed his aim. In the meantime John Wynn had gone around the other way, with the notion of heading off the runaways in the alley. He was there met by John Kennell, who took him for one of the fugitives, and aimed his revolver right in his eyes. Wynn recognized Kennell and yelled out, "For God's sake, John, don't kill me." Kennell recognized Wynn's voice and dropped his weapon. The encounter with Hendrie and the collision between Kennell and Wynn had occupied a little time, and this opportunity had been taken advantage of by Porter and Irving, who disappeared in some bushes in the rear of Van Iderstine's yard and leaped over the back fence. That was the last seen of them. Several hours were spent in scouring the neighborhood, but no further traces of the fugitives could be discovered.

The Passaic city policemen are disgusted. They say it was the fault of Sheriff Riley, for if he had let them do as they wanted to, they might have captured Porter and Irving on Monday night without trouble.

Mr. Rettinger denies that he knew of the character of his boarders, and that he had anything to do with their escape, and gives a good account of all his movements that looked

SO MYSTERIOUS TO THE POLICE.

He says if the police had consulted him he would have rendered them assistance. Mr. Rettinger is a large property owner and tax-payer in Passaic, and bears a good reputation, and his friends do not believe that he had anything to do with the thieves or knew anything of their character.

During the "shadowing" of Porter and Irving, it was learned that immediately after their escape from Raymond street jail they robbed a jewelry store near Boston of \$14,000 worth of goods. This robbery is believed to have been in Providence, R. I., where it is said there was a large jewelry store robbed recently. One of the thieves came very near being arrested, and that, it is thought, accounts for Irving's arrival in Passaic so long after Porter. It was also ascertained, the police say, that the burglars meant to make Passaic their headquarters, and were planning a big robbery at some place near the Thousand Islands, on the St. Lawrence river. They intended to start for the scene of this operation on the morning of the 23rd. "Mickey" Welch, the police say, was to do the outside work and plan the robberies, and then Porter and Irving were to do "the job."

A Prisoner Fatally Shot.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., July 24.—This morning, between three and four o'clock, while Thomas Whalen, constable of the Clayville District, had James W. Garrett under arrest, charged with committing a rape on Miss Nancy J. Smalley, Garrett was shot in the head, just over the left eye, under the following circumstances: A portion of the guards left the room for a short time, and on their return to the room Garrett, who was sitting beside Whalen, got up to receive the guards, and invited them to sit down. At this Whalen rose from his chair and backed into one corner of the room and crouched down in the corner, and exclaimed, "I will die with Garrett." Garrett turned to him to explain who it was, and at that time the pistol was fired, striking him in the head. Since Garrett's arrest a mob has been hourly expected, and when the guards returned Whalen thought that the mob had arrived, and he intended to defend his prisoner. Whalen has been subject to fits, and in the early part of the night the guards noticed that he was unsettled in his mind and took his arms away from him, but toward morning he seemed to have recovered so much, and begged so hard for his pistol, that it was given to him. There was a great deal of excitement in the neighborhood over the alleged rape, and Garrett was to have had his examining trial to-day, and the attorneys in the case were on their way to Clayville, when they were met and told that their services were not wanted, as the prisoner had been shot.

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

The Exciting Sensation on an Erie Street Which Brought the Sleeping Residents to the Windows to Witness

A VERY REMARKABLE SCENE,

The Explanation of Which Was Afforded in the Alleged Detection of the Postmaster of the City in an Intrigue

WITH A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Thomas M. Walker is postmaster at Erie, Pa., at a salary of \$2,500 per annum. The Dispatch, of that city, says he is "entitled to no special sympathy, for if common report is to be credited his life has been profligate to an unusual degree. But he is connected by marriage and otherwise with some of the best society in the community, and although his reputation must have been only too familiar to them, they have thus far been spared the pain of seeing his short comings brought to public notice."

His victim belongs to a wealthy and prominent family of the highest respectability. She is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and has been very active in the Sabbath school connected with it, both as a teacher and instructor in music of some of the smaller children. She is a young lady of fine appearance and more than ordinary accomplishment. Her fall has brought disgrace and a ruined honor to herself as well as the deepest grief to the home of her childhood and her immediate relatives.

On Thursday, 24th ult., near midnight, the residents of a certain quarter of Erie, known as Jerusalem, were disturbed in their beds by

LOUD AND UNUSUAL SOUNDS.

The neighborhood being a quiet one, these unseemly noises, occurring at such a late hour, naturally caused great excitement among those families who live in the immediate neighborhood. Suddenly sharp words and quick exclamations broke upon the still night air. Some one rushed along the sidewalk as if in mortal terror. Sounds of other persons in pursuit immediately followed. The pursued and the pursuer's breath were distinctly heard. Suddenly the footsteps ceased and the fleeing man's course was arrested. Then came sounds as if the first party was being terribly used. A well-known citizen, at the solicitation of his terrified wife, got up to ascertain the cause. At the same time a young man on the opposite side of the street arose from his bed for the same purpose. They both saw and heard that the first man, whoever he was, was seized.

KNOCKED DOWN AND THROTTLED.

Blows were rained down swiftly upon the prostrate form, and then the spell-bound observers noticed the gleam of steel. For a moment it was thought that murder was being done, but a sharp click which accompanied another momentary gleam satisfied the amazed window occupants that the struggling person on the ground was merely being handcuffed. The form was then raised and the three assailants were preparing to carry their captive off. They propped him up between them, and were moving off, when suddenly the light from an adjacent lamp fell upon the features of the now almost insensible man. There was a simultaneous exclamation of astonishment. The rays of light had disclosed the identity of their man. That it was a most unexpected discovery is clear from the loud and incautious remark made by one of the astonished men, who, letting go his hold in sheer surprise, exclaimed, "Why, Thomas Walker! is this you?" The utterance of a name so well known caused a transfer of astonishment to the

BEWILDERED RESIDENTS WHO BEHELD THE AFFAIR.

One of the spectators of this mysterious midnight scene came down stairs to take a nearer view of the parties. He noticed the man who had handcuffed and held the prisoner had a cane grasped in his hand and that he was larger in build than the others. He saw them take their prisoner along to the next corner and heard the same voice say: "Well, I am more surprised than ever." They then disappeared in the darkness and he returned to his bed. Later on a citizen who was returning to his home observed two men supporting a third along the streets. The party was seen to halt at a well-known house on Seventh street (the residence of Walker).

As may be supposed, there was a great stir in the neighborhood of the thrashing next day. The names of the principal actors were freely mentioned at every corner, but no one seemed able to fathom the

DEEP MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE EVENT.

In less than twenty-four hours all perplexity was dissolved and the story had assumed a tangible shape.

Near by where the assault took place is the residence of a young married man, who holds an important business position, whose occupation calls him from home one or two nights in the week. Latterly his wife's relatives, who live near by, observed a stranger hanging about the place on the evenings of the husband's absence. The brothers of the lady determined to ascertain who the person was. They accordingly made arrangements to watch with a friend from Tyrone who was on a visit to Erie. They kept a sharp lookout all the evening, it being one when the husband was away from home. Near midnight their vigils were rewarded by seeing a stranger approach the house. He walked to and fro several times, and after glancing around to see that he was not observed he swiftly entered the front door. According to preconcerted arrangement, one of the avengers entered the sister's house, while the others remained outside to guard the door and

PREVENT THE ESCAPE OF THE INTRUDER.

They had not long to wait. In less time than we can relate it, a man emerged from the back part of the house and made for the street. At an angle of the

house he was, to his astonishment and dismay, intercepted by the outside guards. With a swift movement he shot past the avengers and sped along the street. They gave chase, and before the guilt-stricken man had gone many yards he was overtaken.

The finale has already been told. The blows were administered with all the strength that outraged feelings could lend to an indignant brother's arm.

Upon discovering the name and rank or him they sought, the brothers desisted from further violence and refrained from carrying their operations further. The circumstance of the handcuffs, and the movement to carry off the man, looks as if a more terrible punishment than the beating was intended.

The young man has separated from his wife, and the postmaster went west.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A Jealous Husband Endeavors to Slay his Seven-Months Bride on Account of his Suspicions of her Fidelity, But she Declines to Become a Victim in the Ordinary Way and Fatally Shoots him With a Shot-Gun.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., July 28.—The fact that a young wife had deliberately shot her husband at Sharpsburg yesterday became known here this morning by the arrival of the lady, Mrs. Ida Estelle Benner, in custody of Constable J. R. Poffenberger, and her lodgment in jail. A coroner's jury yesterday found that her husband came to his death by a gun-shot wound produced by a gun in her hands.

The scene of the tragedy was the lodge-keeper's residence at the Antietam National Cemetery, which is located on the celebrated battle-field, just outside the town of Sharpsburg, twelve miles from here. Here Mrs. Benner and her deceased husband, Thomas H. Benner, who was employed in assisting to keep the cemetery in order, resided, with the keeper, Lieut. George A. Haverfield, as their boarder. Several times recently Benner, who was of a very jealous disposition, had quarreled with his wife about the lieutenant, and she in consequence

AVOIDED HIS SOCIETY AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.

On Saturday night Benner came home with the lieutenant shortly before twelve o'clock and went to the room where his wife was sleeping. He did not, however, go to bed, for when his wife came down in the morning, between half past seven and eight o'clock, she found him lying on the floor in the back room, with all the doors open. He at once commenced quarreling with her, accusing her of being unfaithful to him with the lieutenant, saying that he would make her confess and if she would not he would kill her. He then went out into the kitchen and returned with a sharpened case-knife and a piece of wood about two and a half feet long.

With the knife uplifted he advanced on his wife, threatening again to kill her. She denied having anything to tell and retreated into a corner in which there was a carbine, loaded by Benner a short time previously for the purpose of killing a dog. Picking this up she warned him to go away as she would defend herself, and as he continued to advance

SHE DISCHARGED THE GUN.

The load entered his left breast, above the heart, making a large hole, the skin being burnt by the powder, and one of the arteries leading to the heart being severed. Benner turned at once, with the blood streaming from him, and stumbled through the doorways until near the front door, where he fell dead.

After the coroner's inquest Mrs. Benner was taken into custody, but on account of her delicate situation was not brought to Hagerstown until this morning. She and her late husband were married on the 1st of December last, having run away from home on account of the opposition of her parents to her union with him. He was about twenty-four years of age and she is about eighteen. An effort was made this morning, after her arrival here,

TO HAVE HER RELEASED ON BAIL.

Her counsel, H. Kyd Douglas, obtained a writ of habeas corpus and she was brought before Judge Motter, but the state's attorney, Mr. Edward Stake, not having learned anything of the matter until this morning, the examination was deferred until two o'clock on Wednesday, to enable him to ascertain the facts in regard to the shooting and summon witnesses.

Mrs. Benner in the meantime has been given by the sheriff a room in his dwelling at the jail, and is very calm. She has put on mourning for her husband, who was buried this afternoon at Sharpsburg, and says she loved him devotedly, but could not sacrifice her life to his jealous hate. She is a small woman, with dark hair and eyes, dark complexion, a prominent forehead, well shaped nose, full lips and protruding chin. The contour of the face of her husband indicates strength of will and resoluteness of purpose.

Shot For Looking Like Some Other Fellow.

Something pains me here, said John Dobbs, the Manhattan Bank burglar, in the Tombs a few days since, indicating the fleshy part of his left arm between the shoulder and the elbow. The keeper put his finger on the spot, and pressing, felt something hard and round. Dr. William L. Hardy, the prison physician, was sent for, and he soon extracted a good sized bullet. "It was all owing to a mistake, sir," said Dobbs. "You see I was traveling through Jersey a year ago, and I met a farmer who mistook me for some one else. He ups with his revolver and plugs me right in the arm." "Have you ever been shot accidentally before," asked the warden. "Well, yes; I received several bullets in my legs from persons who didn't know who I was. Two or three of 'em are in there now. It's extraordinary when you come to think of it that all of these people should have fired at me by mistake." The doctor and Warden laughed.

Adam Helmer of Port Huron, Mich., armed himself with a gun, and went down stairs to hunt a burglar. His wife arose immediately afterward, and stole on tiptoe down another stairway. Helmer, mistaking her for a burglar, killed her on the spot.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S COACHMAN.

Miserable End of a Local Character of no Little Note, Through the Agency of Fighting Whisky.

When, on Friday, the 25th ult., Coroner John R. Ackerman, of Dobb's Ferry, was called to Sing Sing to hold the inquest in the case of Barrett, the convict, who was shot by Keeper Good, he was busy with another inquest. This he adjourned. It was concerning the death of William Dillon, who on Friday morning died from the effects of a fall received on Wednesday, the 23rd, in Tarrytown. The point of interest was to ascertain whether William Newman was responsible for Dillon's death. Dillon was an Irishman, about fifty years of age, well known about Tarrytown and Irvington. Nearly thirty years ago he came to this country, and soon after secured a situation as coachman for Washington Irving. He served the great writer in this capacity for several years, and since then has been employed by several families living on the Hudson, his last place being the Holdridge family, about a mile north of Irvington. Dillon was usually a sober, industrious man, but occasionally he indulged in a frolic when

HE BECAME VIOLENT AND AGGRESSIVE.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, while intoxicated, Dillon entered the Losee House, in Main street, Tarrytown. Mr. Losee was away from home, and Frank Losee, a slight young man about twenty years of age, was behind the bar. Dillon asked for whisky, and young Losee knowing the disposition of the man when intoxicated refused to give him any. Thereupon Dillon became very angry, and abused Losee roundly. Reaching over the bar he seized the young man by the hair and tried to drag him over the bar. Young Losee got away, and then Dillon turned his attention to Mr. Samuel E. Fisher, a hardware dealer of Tarrytown, who at that instant had entered. Seizing Fisher, Dillon, who was a large and powerful man, yanked him around, and in the language of a witness, "Mopped the floor with him." Fisher got away from the enraged man and fled through the back door and kitchen. Dillon followed to the kitchen, where he saw Mrs. Losee. He stopped and abused her savagely. She told him to go out, and

AT LENGTH HE OBEYED.

Fearing that he would return, Mrs. Losee went to the door, and seeing William Newman, a bill poster, asked him if he would stand at the door and prevent the man from again entering the bar-room. Newman said he would, and took his post. Shortly after Dillon returned and tried to enter.

"You can't come in here," said the bill poster, "Go 'way."

Dillon swore he would go in, and advanced. Newman stood a little higher than Dillon, who was on the sidewalk, and he put up his foot and pushed Dillon back. On this point stories are conflicting, some witnesses saying that Newman kicked Dillon, others that he pushed him with his foot. At all events, Dillon staggered off, but soon returned and again tried to enter. He threatened Newman with all sorts of chastisement, and advanced, spitting on his hands, and preparing to fight. He struck Newman on the chest, and Newman returned the blow, some say with the flat of his hand and some with his fist, while others aver that he merely pushed Dillon back. The result, however, was to send the drunken man staggering back. He fell heavily on the sidewalk on his back, his head striking the stone flagging with great force. Dillon was a large and heavy man, and the force of the fall crushed in the back of his skull, and he

LAY MOTIONLESS ON THE SIDEWALK, BLEEDING.

Newman seeing the result of the fall dragged the man up to the side of the house, and put his hat over his face. A wagon was brought, Newman assisted in putting the wounded man into the wagon, and held an umbrella over him while he was driven to his home. On Friday 25th, Dillon died, and Newman, as soon as he heard of it, by the advice of his counsel, Mr. W. H. M. Ely, gave himself up to policeman Lawrence to await the result of the inquest.

On the following afternoon the inquest was continued in Irvington, and many witnesses were examined. The testimony brought forth the facts as already told, and the jury made a verdict of "excusable homicide." The justice ordered Newman to be discharged.

Dillon leaves a wife and six children. Mrs. Dillon is spoken of as a very estimable woman, and the children as unusually bright. Many of the families in the vicinity are much interested in them, and on Friday Miss Morgan, daughter of George D. Morgan, circulated a subscription paper and collected \$100 for the Dillon family.

Stories are told of Dillon's

BEHAVIOR WHEN INTOXICATED.

One, well authenticated, is that one day last summer he started to walk home from Irvington on the railroad track. Soon a train came thundering up behind him. The engineer rang his bell and blew his whistle, but Dillon walked on. Then, as the whistle shrieked louder, he turned, and shook his fist at the approaching train, but still kept the track. Reversing his engine, the engineer managed to bring the train to a halt just before it reached the defiant Irishman. Even then he refused to quit the track, but was soon deposited in the ditch by the combined force of fireman and brakemen. Newman is an inoffensive looking young man, considerably smaller and lighter than Dillon. He is married, and has three children.

The Dead Returned to Life.

[Subject of Illustration.]

ROXBEL, N. C., July 24.—During the terrible wind storm of Monday the house of Mrs. Adelaide Burton was blown down and the lady covered with debris. She was finally taken out apparently dead, and preparations made yesterday afternoon for her burial. After the funeral sermon, as the casket was being removed to the hearse, she raised up and asked what this all meant. Her sudden revival created consternation as well as joy. It was found that she had only

been in a trance. She is perfectly well, and in a few hours was superintending the workmen clearing away her wrecked dwelling.

The Late Captain Thomas J. Kennedy.

[With Portrait.]

Captain Thomas J. Kennedy, commanding the Thirty-fifth Precinct, died at his late residence, 211 East Eighty-sixth street, at seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th ult. He was one of the most widely known and highly respected young officers in the police force. He was born in Meriden, Conn., on January 31, 1838. In his infancy he was brought by his parents to this city, where he was educated in the public schools, and has ever since resided. He learned the business of painting and followed it for a few years. On April 1, 1860, he was appointed a patrolman on the police force and assigned to duty in the Sixth ward. It was at that time commanded by Captain Dowling, afterward the Police Justice. In 1863 he was made a roundsman, a few months later a sergeant. On April 16th, 1870, he was made captain, and continued on duty in the same precinct, succeeding Captain Jordan, who had been appointed superintendent of the force. In the spring of 1874 he was transferred to the Ninth precinct, which he commanded until about four months ago, when he was transferred to the Kingsbridge precinct.

Captain Kennedy had been physically delicate for the past two years, and rumors of his death, which were more than once published, tended to cut down his spirits. Last year he went to Florida and remained a few months, returning much improved. He was constantly borne down, however, by attacks of malarial fever, which told badly in his already debilitated constitution, and for several months past his friends had only slight hopes of his recovery. For ten days previous to his demise he was given over to death, and was himself aware that his time was short.

His wife and his two brothers-in-law, Thomas F. Barry and Peter Donnellan, and his intimate friend and associate, John Pyne, were at his bedside. His mother and a sister, the widow of Captain Tim Shandley, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, still live. A brother-in-law, Peter J. Barry, is a roundsman on the Brooklyn police force. He leaves no children living. All the police stations displayed their flags at half mast on the day following his death.

Captain Kennedy was of small stature, but was noted for his coolness and courage. One of his most important arrests was made in January, 1868, when he was a sergeant. A notorious desperado named Richard Casey, shot a man at the Bowery and Bayard street, and went off flourishing his weapon. Kennedy, who was in civilian dress, attacked and arrested him single handed, and finally sent him to state prison for life. In 1871 he arrested and sent to state prison another brutal murderer named John Lee, who had been a terror in the precinct. Another, named Crowe, was about the same time arrested by Kennedy for murder and convicted. He also broke up a notorious gang of burglars, chief among whom were Hirsch Harris, "Sheeny" Mike, Billy Porter and Mrs. Oully, and sent the leaders to prison. The captain's name will also be remembered in connection with the notorious John T. Irving, who confessed in San Francisco that he was the murderer of Benjamin Nathan. When Irving was set free he went into his old business as a burglar, and was arrested by Kennedy and sent to state prison for ten years.

Captain Kennedy's funeral took place from his late residence on Monday, the 28th. There were ceremonies also at St. Joseph's Church in East Eighty-seventh street, whither the body was carried, escorted by a platoon of police. The flag of the police department was thrown over the coffin. A requiem mass was sung, and a sermon was preached by Father Durrthaler, the pastor of the church. A great many of the city police officials were present, including Inspectors Thorne, McDermott and Dilks. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery.

A Mollie Maguire Pardoned.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 29.—Governor Hoyt to-day pardoned Dennis F. Canning, a prominent member of the order of Mollie Maguires. The prisoner has furnished important assistance to the commonwealth in the conviction of the Mollie Maguires who have already been executed, and two who are now under sentence of death, and it is proposed to make still further use of him as a witness. At the last meeting of the Board of Pardons, Captain Lindens, of the Reading Coal and Iron Police, made a special plea for executive clemency, on the ground that Canning possessed other important information concerning murders by Mollie Maguires, which he would reveal at the proper time if pardoned. As Linden had for years, in conjunction with Detective McParlan, been ferreting out crime in the coal regions, the Board, in the interest of public policy, agreed to recommend Canning's pardon, provided the judge who sentenced him and the district attorney who tried him would join with Linden in requesting his pardon. Both these officers have given favorable responses, and the Governor to-day ordered the liberation of the prisoner, who has served about four years of a sentence of fourteen years.

The first sentence of seven years was abridged over five years by Governor Hartranft to enable Canning to appear as a witness against the notorious Pat Heester, who was hanged with two other Mollie Maguires in Columbia county in March, 1873, and Dennis Donnelly, who was executed in Schuylkill county, in both of which cases he gave important evidence. He also appeared as a material witness in the trial of Peter McManus and John O'Neil, who are now under sentence of death in Northumberland county for the murder of Coroner Heesner, who was brutally murdered about five years ago while employed at a colliery. Canning is expected to furnish the commonwealth soon with important information in additional murder cases. He was county delegate of Northumberland county when arrested in 1875, and was convicted with a gang of Mollie Maguires, among whom was Jack Kehoe, king of the order, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for conspiracy to murder.



OFF AGAIN—SLIPPERY "BILLY" PORTER AND CUNNING "JOHNNY" IRVING, THE BURGLARIOUS GENTLEMEN WHO RECENTLY WALKED OUT OF RAYMOND STREET JAIL, BROOKLYN, ARE TRACED TO A HOTEL IN PASSAIC, N. J., AND SURROUNDED BY A CORDON OF POLICE OFFICERS, EAGER FOR THE REWARD, BUT SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING THROUGH THE LINE AND GAVE THEIR PURSUERS THE GO-BY.—See Page 6.



THE DEAD RETURNED TO LIFE—MRS. ADELAIDE BURTON, WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THE FALL OF HER HOUSE, SPOILS THE FUNERAL BY RAISING UP IN HER COFFIN, JUST AS THE LID WAS ABOUT TO BE SCREWED DOWN, AND DEMANDING TO KNOW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT; ROXBEL, N. C.—See Page 7.



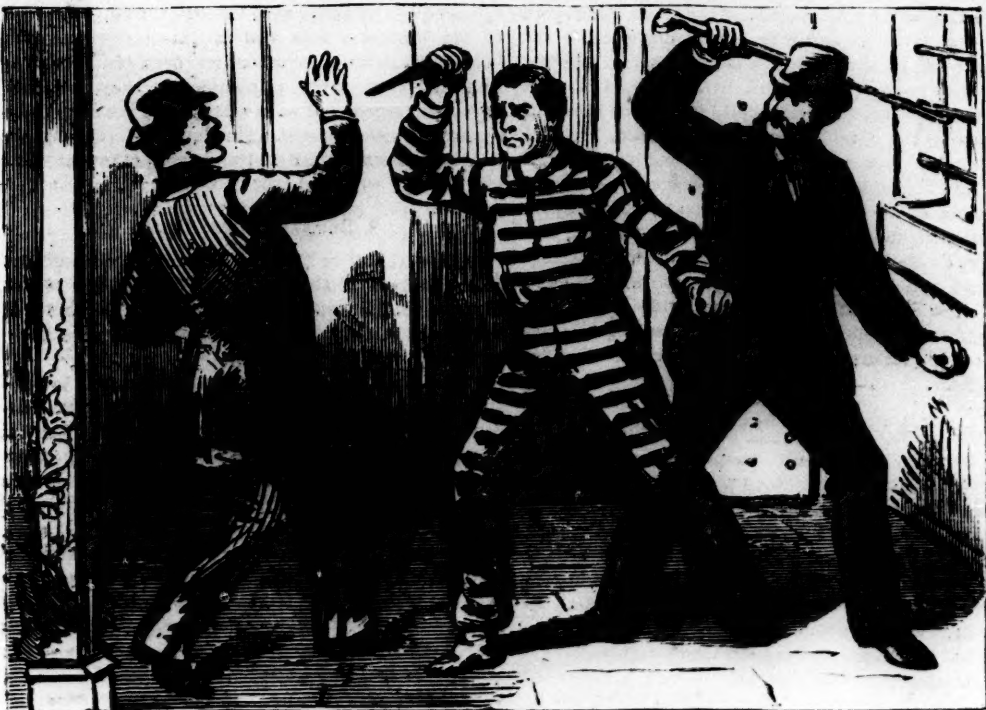
THE FIRST OVERT ACT OF REBELLION.



THE "PADDLING" PROCESS.



BARRETT'S LAST DEFIANCE OF THE PRISON AUTHORITIES AND FATAL SHOOTING BY KEEPER GOOD JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO PRECIPITATE A GENERAL OUTBREAK OF THE CONVICTS.



KEEPER MACKIN STABBED BY THE INFURIATED CONVICT.



KEEPER GOOD'S ENCOUNTER WITH BARRETT ON THE ROOF OF THE FOUNDRY.

A DESPERADO'S DOOM.—JOHN BARRETT, A STUBBORN SING SING CONVICT, RENDERED FRANTIC BY PUNISHMENT FOR HIS UNRULY CONDUCT, OPENS A WILD AND DESPERATE REVOLT AGAINST THE AUTHORITIES AND INCITES HIS FELLOW PRISONERS TO AN INCIPENT INSURRECTION WHICH IS ONLY QUELLED BY HIS DEATH.—See Page 6.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

- MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Speedy and Terrible But Just Retribution
Visited by a Father Upon the Debaucher
of his Daughter.

A NINETY YEARS' SENTENCE.

THE CASE OF HUNTER'S ACCOMPLICE.

TRENTON, July 28.—The case of Graham, the accomplice of Hunter, the murderer of Armstrong in Camden, was, in the Supreme Court here to-day, postponed until next term.

PROVED A MURDER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 27.—On the 5th of July a young man named Casler got into an altercation at Peru, this county, with an old man named Sherman. During the *melee* Casler threw a heavy stone which struck and broke Sherman's leg. Sherman died yesterday from the wound. Casler has been arrested and is now in the penitentiary.

SUSPECTED INFANTICIDE.

READING, Pa., July 28.—Jane Deem, an unmarried woman residing in the city, was committed to jail for trial this evening on the charge of killing her infant child. The deed is alleged to have been done two months ago. The officers have not as yet ascertained what disposition was made of the body. The woman denies the charge but will not state what has become of her offspring.

ROAD AGENTS CATCH A TARTAR.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 28.—A dispatch from Colton says:—"General E. Bouton, of Los Angeles, while going from Colton to San Geronimo yesterday was stopped by three men, taken off the road and tied to the wheels of his wagon. He managed to get one of his hands loose, drew his pistol and killed one of the men and wounded the other two. Robbery was the aim of General Bouton's captors."

SUSPECTED MURDERERS CAUGHT.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 27.—Two negroes were captured to-day on suspicion of being the murderers of the old couple DeFor, killed on Friday night. One of them is the barefooted negro who was seen about the house on the evening of the murder and whose tracks were noted about the house. The negroes deny all knowledge of the murder, and the suspicion that the object of the killing was not a simple burglary is deepening.

ATTEMPTED WIFE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 27.—This morning Henry Hartman, who had just been released from the House of Correction, where he had been for six months in default of bonds to keep the peace, entered his wife's residence, seized a pair of scissors and inflicted several deep gashes in her neck. She managed to escape from him and raised an alarm, when he cut his own throat so that he cannot recover. Mrs. Hartmann is not fatally injured.

FATAL RESULT OF AN UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

Jean Baptiste Marcino, an old Italian, was peddling shoe strings on the 12th ult., at Lexington avenue and Seventy-third street, and John Smith, driver of an ice wagon, who had just been put off an elevated railway train after fighting with the conductor, tried to upset the peddler's basket. Marcino warned him away with his staff. This enraged Smith, and he struck the old man down with his ice tongs, breaking his skull. Marcino died on Sunday, 27th ult., and Smith, who had been arrested, was turned over to the coroner on the 29th.

NINETY-NINE YEARS FOR MAIL ROBBERY.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—Chief Special Agent Parker, of the Post Office Department, has received advices from his force in Texas that a posse working under the direction of the special agents have succeeded in capturing in northern Texas a gang of twelve highway robbers, and that they are being held for trial. Longmett, another of the Fort Worth gang of mail robbers, was recently convicted by the United States court for the western district of Texas and sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. The officer who pursued the three members of this gang who had fled into Colorado has returned with two prisoners and satisfactory evidence that the third party is dead.

DEED OF A PROBABLE LUNATIC.

DOVER, Tenn., July 27.—A terrible tragedy occurred near here yesterday. William Burchel, a former resident of Clarksville and a carpenter by trade, was married a short time ago to the widow of J. H. Yates, an ex-policeman and sexton of the city cemetery. Mrs. Yates had a grown daughter, Maggie, by her former husband. It is stated that during a fit of frenzy yesterday Burchel shot his wife and step-daughter and afterward shot himself and died almost immediately. At last accounts Mrs. Burchel and Miss Yates were alive, but in a very critical condition. No cause for Burchel's action is assigned, and, as deceased bore the reputation of being a quiet man, it is believed that he was laboring under a fit of temporary insanity.

A WIFE MURDERER'S DEED.

John Welsh, formerly a baker in the employ of M. B. Platz in Remson street, Cohoes, N. Y., has been found guilty of murder in Jefferson City, Mo., and sentenced to be hanged August 14. He married a young woman in Kansas City, leaving one wife in Cohoes. He lived with her on a small farm about a mile from Jefferson City. On the 28th of January last his wife was found murdered in the house, which was in flames—the work of Welsh's hands. He is only twenty-three years old, and a native of Saratoga county, where his parents reside. His Cohoes wife is a cripple, and has two children. After deserting her he married a young woman on Ida Hill, Troy, whom

he also deserted. He will expiate his crimes of murder and bigamy on the gallows in a western city.

SANGUINARY RETALIATION.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 29.—A special dispatch to the *Evening Courier* says John F. Baker, the supposed murderer of Exam Holloman, killed in Seguin, January 28, was assassinated while standing under a tree at a camp meeting, three miles from Seguin, at ten o'clock last night. Baker and Holloman were rival suitors for the hand of Miss Lizzie Short, whom Holloman had just escorted home, when he was waylaid and his brains beaten out with a club. Baker and Duggan, who were suspected, were arrested. Duggan was discharged and Baker released on bond. Baker was shot in the head by some one. It is believed his assassin is known. Baker's life has been frequently threatened. Holloman and Baker were both wealthy merchants, with many relatives and influential friends.

TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION ON A SEDUCER.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 22.—A terrible tragedy occurred on Saturday at Hughesville, near Boyantown, Charles county, and has created intense feeling in that section of the state. A citizen of that locality named John S. Acton discovered that a neighbor, John H. Dickson, a man with a wife and five children, had seduced his daughter. He took a shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and went in search of Dickson remarking that he was going down the road to "kill a hog." As soon as he met him he fired upon him, the whole contents entering the abdomen of the unfortunate man and literally disemboweling him. He fell to the ground and died instantly. Acton made no attempt to escape. He surrendered himself to the authorities, stating that he had killed Dickson for seducing his daughter, and that he did not regret the act. He was brought to this place and sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury. Both men are advanced in years and have hitherto been of good character. Acton, like Dickson, has a large family. The young woman who is the cause of the terrible tragedy and the wreck of the two families is said to be quite pretty and intelligent, and about eighteen years of age. Dickson was a large land owner and Acton was one of his tenants.

AN ARKANSAS DEMON'S MURDEROUS FEAT.

FOET SMITH, Ark., July 17.—Last Saturday there occurred one of those tragedies in Scott county in this state, some forty miles from here, that develop how much of the devil there is in human nature. It seems that the daughter of J. B. Stewart had a violent quarrel with the wife of Hiram Barnes, a renter on Stewart's place, and knocked the latter down with a rock. The quarrel soon spread to the male members of the families, and the father of the belligerent young woman went to the friend where Barnes was at work and there commenced the fracas. There were two grown sons of Barnes present. Stewart, in the heat of the controversy, drew a knife, and slashing it across old man Barnes' body cut him so that the entrails fell out. He then gave another cut in a perpendicular direction, fairly ripping open his victim. He then, with the fury of a demon, attacked a son of Mr. Barnes, inflicting a ghastly wound below the breast and another nine inches long and very deep on the young man's back. Then he stabbed the second son a number of times very seriously about the right breast. His first two victims are not expected to live. Stewart then fled, but the sheriff is on his trail with a large posse of men. All the parties are said to have been known as very peaceable people heretofore. The attending physician, Dr. Sorrels, says all the wounded men will die. Deputy Sheriff Washington Dixon, with twenty-five men, is after the murderer, and will take him dead or alive.

HIDEOUS NEGRO VILLAINY.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 24.—The police to-night in searching for two young girls, Kittie Stark and Margaret McCann, who had been absent from home several days, made an important arrest and some appalling developments. George Jackson is probably as black a negro as there is in this city. Certain it is he is as homely as it is possible to conceive of. What there is about him to entice young girls into his reeking, filthy shanty, and there take improper liberties with them is a question which none who saw the greasy Ethiopian specimen this evening, could answer. The charge made against Jackson is that he enticed two young girls—Kittie Stark, aged fourteen, and Margaret McCann, aged seventeen—into his room on Fifth avenue, Soho, and there occupied the same bed with the girls, and indecently assaulted them. The parents of the erring girls reported their absence from home to Officer Scott Taper, since the evening of the 21st, and insisted that he look them up. This evening Taper visited Jackson's quarters, and arrested the trio and took them to the Central station. Investigation of the case divulged a frightful state of affairs. Evidence will be produced to show that Jackson had been in the habit of keeping young white girls in his bachelor quarters for a couple of years past. Some he would only keep a day or two and others for weeks. Why it is he has never been arrested before is a mystery. The Stark girl, who is the younger of the two, testified that the defendant slept in the same bed with them, which was nothing but a pile of old rags; that he bought her a new pair of stockings, and some ribbon for her hair and wanted her to leave the city and live with him. The parents of the girls reside on Wylie avenue and on Arch street and look like decent, hard-working people. They were present this evening and deeply felt the disgrace of the unpleasant affair. Jackson was handed over to court for trial, and, in default of \$1,000 bail, was sent to jail. The girls were sent to the Home of the Good Shepherd.

A man sent a note supposed to be of an insulting character to a respectable young lady working in the Novelty Works, Findlay, O., on the 26th. The lady waited until the fellow put in his appearance, when she asked him if he wrote the note. He acknowledged the soft impeachment, when she hauled off and let him have it in the eye, sending him sprawling and bellowing to grass.

BRITISH GALLANTRY.

It has Not Yet Arrived at the Pitch of Exempting a Murderess From the Attention of the Hangman on Account of her Sex, as Shown in the Execution of Catherine Webster for the Murder of her Mistress.

LONDON, July 29.—Catherine Webster was executed at Wandsworth jail to-day for the murder of her mistress, Mrs. Thomas, at Richmond. She confessed that she committed the murder, and had no accomplice either in the commission of the crime or the disposal of the remains of her victim, portions of which were discovered in a box floating in the Thames, and led to the arrest of the murderess in Ireland on the 28th of March last. The execution was conducted with the utmost privacy, no one being allowed to be present save the sheriff, the surgeon, the chaplain, a few officers of the prison and Marwood, the executioner. No reporters of the press were permitted to witness the execution, but the sheriff states that the woman up to the last displayed remarkable composure, and that her death apparently was

PAINLESS AND VERY SPEEDY.

Immediately after the execution a coroner's jury was impaneled to view the body, which was then divested of all its clothing, save a single garment, buried in a shallow grave within the prison yard, and covered with quick lime.

The murder of Mrs. Thomas was one of the most remarkable crimes on record. She was a widow lady in comfortable circumstances, residing at Richmond quite alone, save for the company of her servant. The latter became infatuated with a married man named Church, and conceived the idea of murdering her mistress, possessing herself of her property, and, after disposing of it, and going to America with the proceeds, accompanied by this man. She carried out her purpose with great deliberation, and murdered her mistress by strangling her to death on a Sunday afternoon, early in the month of March. She dragged the body to the cellar, and by the aid of a saw and ax

CUT THE CORPSE INTO PIECES.

She wrapped some of the fragments in a paper and placed them in a wooden box, which she managed to convey to the river and throw over the bridge. These fragments were found and identified some time after the murder had been committed.

Meanwhile Catherine had sold much of the property of her victim, and was on the point of removing the remainder of the furniture when some suspicions of the neighbors were excited and she became alarmed. She went to Ireland, where soon after she was arrested. Upon her arrest she declared she was not the murderer, but that Church during her absence from the house, had entered it, killed Mrs. Thomas, and upon her return had terrified her into aiding him in mutilating and disposing of the body. This story

UPON INVESTIGATION PROVED FALSE.

Church was discharged from custody, and the woman was tried and convicted before Chief Justice Denman.

While under sentence she made a number of so-called confessions, implicating different persons in the crime, evidently with the purpose of shifting the guilt and creating sympathy for herself as an unwilling accessory. The most important of these statements was carefully dictated by her a few days ago in the presence of her lawyer and the matron of Wandsworth prison, and signed with her mark. In this she exonerates Church from all part in the murder, and charged it upon another person whose name has been withheld by the authorities because there was no proof to incriminate him, the woman's story being discredited. In this as in the other stories she made herself out innocent of the murder, and only guilty as an accessory after the fact, in helping to dispose of the remains of her murdered mistress.

A Negro Prize Butting Match.

[Subject of Illustration.]

GREENVILLE, N. C., July 22.—One of the most novel contests known to the sporting world took place here to-day. With a desire to overdo the white people, the negroes arranged a butting match for a purse of \$450 and the champion cap. The entries were Charles Burlington and Bob Brooks, two powerfully-built negro men of about twenty-four years. The butting took place in a large lot on the outskirts of the town, and was witnessed by several hundred people. The contest opened at eleven o'clock, and continued with unabated fury for two hours. At the start Burlington was the favorite, and was loudly cheered by the crowd; but he soon began to show signs of fagging, and after the first hour failed to come to time, and had to be accorded a brief respite for rest and breath. As soon as the novel contest was renewed, Brooks's remarkable powers of endurance and thick skull began to tell on his antagonist. A few minutes before the close of the contest Burlington fell down from exhaustion, and had to be carried out of the ring and medical attendance summoned. He was terribly bruised and butted about the cranium and face, and died a few hours after leaving the field. Brooks got purse, and will, no doubt, be arrested and get a good term of imprisonment in the state prison for manslaughter.

A Chivalrous British Lothario.

On Saturday, the 19th ult., two persons arrived in this city by the Anchor line steamer California and registered at the Stevens House, on Broadway, as Captain and Mrs. Conyers, of Birmingham, England. The man represented himself as a captain in the British army traveling on leave of absence. The woman, who was apparently twenty-four years old and of ladylike demeanor, was not well when she arrived, and on the Monday following became so ill that Dr. F. G. Merrill was called in to attend her. He at once pronounced the case typhoid fever in its worst form. On Tuesday the captain told the sick woman that he was going to Philadelphia and would return next day. As she got worse and he did not return inquiry was made concerning him, and it was found that he had taken one of the steamers sailing for Europe that day, leaving

the woman at the hotel ill, alone and penniless. When these facts came to light the woman admitted that the man was not her husband, and that the name under which he registered was not his nor hers. He, she said, was named Rosenberg Harris, and she was Mrs. Mary Francis Hartley. They both came from Birmingham, but she would not say anything about her family. All she would say of her relations was that she was a married woman and had run away with him, and that he had deserted her. Mrs. Hartley continued to grow worse and Dr. Merrill becoming thoroughly interested in the case gave her every attention and more than once sat by her bedside for the whole of the night. Mr. Broadhead, the proprietor of the Stevens House, supplied the sick woman with every delicacy that could be got. She sank rapidly, however, and Dr. Merrill held a consultation with Dr. J. H. Coberly, of Brooklyn, on Monday night 28th ult., at which it was decided that nothing more could be done. Early on the following morning Mrs. Hartley died without giving any further clue to her identity. When the agents of the Anchor line heard of her death and Mrs. Hartley's sad story they very generously subscribed \$100 to cover the immediate expenses and promised to pay the bill due at the Stevens House and the expenses of burial. The remains were buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Efforts will be made to follow the case in England to whatever limit the law allows.

From the Gallows to Glory.

JOHNSONVILLE, Miss., July 26.—Henry Miller, a colored man, was hanged yesterday, for the murder of Henry Murphy, colored. Murphy had induced Miller's wife to desert her husband and live with him. One day Miller came along with an ax and found Murphy asleep. The next day Murphy was missing, and foul play was suspected. Miller was arrested and a search made for the body. Miller was compelled to accompany the searching party. On the way he made frequent efforts to mislead them, but a flock of buzzards betrayed his secret, and the body was found. He then made a confession, telling how he had killed his victim, how he had torn up a plank in the flooring and concealed the corpse, and how he had returned in the night and carried the dead man to the woods. He was convicted in May and sentenced to be hanged. He left here yesterday at five o'clock, in custody of Sheriff Richardson and one guard, and arrived at Johnsonville at eleven o'clock this morning. Miller rode through the town with stolid indifference and surveyed the throng with as much coolness as though he was a spectator instead of the central figure. The gallows was erected in the court house yard. About one thousand people, mainly colored men, women and children, covered the ground, fences and trees in the neighborhood in their anxiety to see the execution. At a quarter past two P. M. the sheriff brought out the prisoner and placed him on the scaffold. Parson Bailey having previously prepared him for death Miller's calm and imperturbable coolness did not desert him in his last hour. He told the crowd that he was about to go to his long resting place, and expressed his conviction that he was going to heaven. He advised his hearers to profit by his terrible example and lead virtuous and stainless lives.

A Frightful Family Fight.

The people of Prague, Bohemia, were thrown into a state of feverish excitement a short time since, by a report that an outrage of more than ordinary violence and atrocity had been committed in open day, in one of the thoroughfares of the city. A little after midday, two young men, brothers, named Wondra, entered the jewelry establishment of Joseph Kepert, shut the entrance door, barred it, drew out six-barreled revolvers, and proceeded to fire shot after shot. The report of the firing and the shrieks of the inmates quickly brought together a crowd, who forced open the door. A terrible scene met their eyes. A girl, the sister of the murderers, lay on the floor in her death agony. The wife of the proprietor, dripping with blood, held an infant in her arms, which she was trying to save from the murderous blows of one of the brothers. Kepert himself was covered with blood and trying to protect his wife and child. In the corner of the shop another brother lay in a pool of blood. The police, after a struggle, succeeded in arresting and binding the murderers; but they had great difficulty in saving them from the fury of the mob, who wanted to lynch them on the spot. The motive of the crime is believed to be mere revenge. Kepert had reported to the police that the sister, who, with one of her brothers, who was in his employment, had been ill-treated by the other two brothers. For this they had three days' punishment. They had just been discharged, and went straight to the shop to be revenged on their sister. The result of the outrage is, two persons murdered and seven others more or less severely wounded.

A Ruffian's Brutal Crime.

Dr. Greinhardt of 276 West Eleventh street and Mr. James Duffy of 12 Abingdon square called late on the night of the 28th ult., on Police Captain Berghold, of the Charles street police, and reported what may prove a double murder.

The house, 12 Abingdon square, is a fine brown-stone building, occupied by several respectable families. Mr. and Mrs. Duffy occupy the second floor. Mr. Edmund O'Brien, formerly chief clerk in District Attorney Dowling's office, occupies rooms on the floor above the Duffys. Mrs. Annie Duffy, a young and prepossessing woman, was on the eve of giving birth to a child. At eight o'clock on the evening stated the inmates of the house were startled at hearing her give a piercing scream, and on their running out, found her lying senseless on the stairs. Dr. Greinhardt was quickly summoned, and pronounced Mrs. Duffy mortally injured, from the effects of a violent kick in the abdomen. Mrs. Duffy remained unconscious a long time, and when she partly recovered she said she had met Mr. O'Brien on the stairs. He was evidently intoxicated. As she attempted to pass him he kicked her. Detective Flanagan arrested O'Brien, who denies the charge.

DRAMATIC DIVORCE.

How the Matrimonial Bond Lately Existing
Between Edwin Price and Katie Baker,
the Well-Known Actor and Actress,
WAS LEGALLY SUNDERED.

The Lady's Alleged Account of the Motive
Behind the Scenes, in the Shape of
a Widely Popular Artists.

WHY HER SUIT WAS UNOPPOSED.

On a dreary winter morning in December, 1874, Katie Baker and Edwin H. Price, both well known to the theatrical world in the higher juvenile phases of the drama, were made one by the Rev. Dr. Spaulding, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

The bride, a girl then in her teens, was petite, in figure and piquante in face. Seen on the stage, she attracted and fixed the attention; off it, there was something about her that never failed to captivate. Short, crisp hair of a fawn-color, gave a peculiar appearance to a face that, though pleasant and agreeable, was by no means strikingly beautiful. Eyes of a dark, full brown, with pupils extraordinarily dilated, were veiled by eye-lids so transparent that it seemed as if, even when closed, they could be seen through. Strongly-marked, well-arched eye-brows and long eye-lashes of a similar fawn-like color to that of the hair were crowned by a wide, smooth, open forehead, not very high, but broad and full. A nose charmingly sonny and retroussé, lips like rose-buds, two rows of small, pearly teeth, and a complexion in which the southern warmth of the sun seemed to dwell, completed

THE BRIDE'S CLAIM TO PUBLIC ADMIRATION.

Four years had passed and no cloud nor storm had intervened to even for a single moment break in upon or mar the married felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Price. Secure in their mutual love, trust and esteem for each other, they performed the arduous duties of their profession, and whether acting together in the same companies or separately, were apparently to each other all in all.

But two seasons ago the serpent entered into this Eden of domestic happiness, and on the 16th of this month Judge Charles Donohue, in the supreme court, issued an order of unlimited divorce, with right to alimony, in favor of Katie Baker Price against her husband, Edwin H. Price. In her affidavit, taken before Referee Edward D. Gale, Mrs. Price charges that her husband had been unfaithful to her, and in substantiation of her averments, two personal friends of Mrs. Price duly sworn on affidavit, declared that in the month of June, 1877, Edwin H. Price did, at Marion, O., and other places in that state, while traveling in their company, have with him and treat as his wife one Nellie Neff, who was known to them to be a person of "light" character. No opposition to the granting of the divorce was made by Price, who at the first, indeed, in a letter addressed to his attorney, Joseph T. Perry, which was placed in evidence, notified him that upon consideration he had decided not to place any impediment in the plaintiff's way, and therefore

WOULD NOT CONTEST HER APPLICATION.

The inside history of the case, which does not appear on the surface, is set forth as follows by the *Sunday Mercury*:

The mere commonplace circumstances of the divorce which were of such an every-day character, with nothing to raise them out of the ruck of ordinary events of the same kind, that they would not have been worth a second thought, and the circumstances of the divorce would have been allowed to pass by unnoticed, had not rumor assigned another and very different reason for the wrecking of the domestic bark of the Prices and persistently asserted that there was not only an intention but an absolute desire on the part of the late husband of Mrs. Price to be free, so that he might unite himself to another person whose fancy he suited, and to whom his attentions had been of the most friendly character. Mrs. Baker, who was preparing for her departure to Long Branch for the season, was found at 24 West Twenty-sixth street "Mrs. Price," said the reporter, after a few preliminary remarks, "I have called to ask you if there is any truth in the rumor that is going about that your late husband is about to be married to another lady." Miss Baker smiled confusedly. "That is a leading question, one that I hardly think it proper to answer, as the unpleasantness is now at an end, and Mr. Price and myself are once more entire strangers, and can each go our respective way through the world as if we had never met.

"I REALLY DON'T CARE TO SAY ANYTHING."

But was that the only reason for divorce that you had, your husband's unfaithfulness, as proven by the affidavits of the two persons sworn in your divorce suit?" "No, there was another reason, one that was a much more valid one, but—"

"Why, then, Miss Baker, did you not state it in the note of summons and complaint?" "I hardly care, I again repeat, to say anything about the case. All is done and gone now. I will say, though, that I knew nothing whatever of Mr. Price's acquaintance with the woman Neff until he had left me."

"Were you, then, not going to have sued for a divorce?" "Yes."

"And upon what grounds?" Miss Baker hesitated. "I scarcely care to say. The fact is, that the reason we separated was because of Mr. Price's admiration of Miss Fanny Davenport. It was just this way—I suppose I had better tell you the truth. Two seasons ago my husband and myself were playing together in the same company with Miss Davenport. She was very kind and agreeable, and I thought her very beautiful and had a great admiration for her. We

were on friendly terms—that is Miss Davenport and myself—and she gave me one of her photographs with her autograph and some written words, wishing me continued happiness. After we had been together in the company for some time, I began to feel anxious, my husband's attentions becoming

VERY MARKED TOWARD MISS DAVENPORT.

I didn't say anything about it then, although it made me feel sad and sick at heart, as I knew that we would not be together for very long—that is, with the Davenport company. When our engagement was over my husband and self returned to New York. There was no change in his conduct, apparently, toward me; he was as kind and attentive as ever, and I dismissed all thoughts and fears, believing that I had been unnecessarily jealous. Months passed on, and once more it happened that an engagement was made with the Fanny Davenport Combination. This time it was only my husband who went with the troupe. I was playing with the Florences. Our engagements took us to different portions of the country widely separate. Still my husband used to write to me regularly, and if short, his letters showed no mark of failing love. Yet I will confess I was anxious and troubled. Thoughts of the attentions paid to Miss Davenport, and of the friendly terms they were upon last year, from time to time flitted through my mind, and caused me uneasiness, but then it passed away, and I would take myself to task for daring to feel anxious of such an assured thing as my husband's love. Had we not been together for years, and did I not know and have perfect assurance in his love for me? I discarded these thoughts as unworthy of me and as UNFAIR TO MY HUSBAND.

Having done this, I succeeded in feeling once again happy. Daily letters, an occasional telegram from or to him, served to keep us, so to speak, in constant rapport. One morning, however, I received a letter from a very dear friend of mine—one who had been to me as a sister for years—which contained information that made me for a time feel almost distracted. It was to the effect that my husband's attentions to Miss Davenport were of such a character that she could not stand by and observe them with unconcern. The letter concluded by saying, that although she, my friend, did not like to be a tattler, still she considered it due to her friendship for me and respect for my position as a wife to let me know what was going on. What to do I knew not. I wrote to my friend and asked her for further information. It came. I could not remain without knowing something definite, and I resolved to satisfy myself of the truth or falsehood of the story. Secretly I left Cleveland, where the company I was with were playing, and went by train to Louisville, where my husband was with the Fanny Davenport company. I succeeded in seeing him alone, and with my head on his breast, told him of what I had heard, of my doubts and fears, and of why I had come to him as I had. He

SOOTHED AND QUIETED ME.

There was not the slightest truth in what was said. Miss Davenport was nothing more to him than any other lady in the company. His attentions to her were simply those of a gentleman to a lady. I believed, and returned to Cleveland, rejoined the company, and shortly came on to New York. Though satisfied when I left my husband, I afterwards heard things that caused me grave disquietude. I was very unhappy; became sick, so sick as to be confined to my room for weeks. During this time my husband joined me, having come on from Detroit, Miss Davenport going to Philadelphia, where she played for a couple of weeks. My husband now, for the first time, began to treat me coldly, was absent a great deal from the house, and I experienced what I now know to be coldness and neglect. After playing in Philadelphia, Miss Davenport came on to Brooklyn. My husband did not play with; yet I am told he was constantly over there. The company then came to New York and played at the Grand Opera-house. On the Saturday of the first week they were playing there Mr. Price came and told me he was going out of town and would not be back till the Monday. I did not inquire where he was going or in whose company. On the Monday after afternoon he returned, and his manner was constrained; he appeared ill at ease, was short and crabbed in his answers. In a little while he rose to go away. I then by implication

ASKED HIM IF HE WAS COMING BACK.

He answered in the same way, "No." I then said, "I suppose you want a divorce?" "Yes," he said; "I do, I want to marry Miss Davenport as soon as I get it." "You know," I then said in the same constrained way, "that you cannot sue for and obtain a divorce from me." Again he answered, "Yes." "You want me to get one from you, is that it?" Inquired. "Yes." I then asked him how I was to be provided for; and he promised to come and see me again and arrange matters. He didn't come, so I wrote to him once or twice, when he sent me a whole week's salary. Two or three weeks then passed without my hearing from, or of him, and I then wrote to him again. In reply, a lawyer called and told me that if I would consent to getting a divorce, the necessary evidence would be placed in my hands. I had already seriously considered doing this. Mrs. Price's action saved publicity, and as it served the purpose I had no reason to be dissatisfied. I should like that the order of divorce should be made public before the announcement of the marriage between Miss Davenport and my former husband is made. That is why I am so anxious that my divorce should be made public," concluded the lady, "as many people may otherwise be led to believe that I never was Mr. Price's wife except in name."

William Hubbard and William Woodard, while intoxicated, entered the laundry of Hop Lee, in Charlestown, Mass., on the 24th, where a dispute arose between them and Chinamen concerning the payment of a bill. The Chinamen became infuriated and made an assault on the two men with an ax. The white men fled, but the Chinamen gave chase, inflicting fatal wounds on Hubbard and badly cutting Woodard. The assailants were arrested.

JUSTIFIABLE ABDUCTION.

Singular Case of Parental Spite—A Young Woman, Maltreated at Home, Seeks the Protection of her Lover, Who is Bitterly But Unsuccessfully Persecuted for his Manly Conduct to his Betrothed.

A young man, twenty-six years old, with long, black hair brushed up high above his forehead, and a young woman of twenty-three, stood on the 26th, among a group of prisoners in the Yorkville court-pen. While they were engaged in earnest conversation a middle-aged couple walked up to the bench, in company with Officer Donahue of the Nineteenth precinct. The officer said he had arrested the prisoners, Ida E. Robertson and her wife, the parents of Ida, on a charge of abduction and larceny. Mrs. Robertson, in a low voice, told why she had caused the arrest of Hartog and her daughter. About a year and a half ago she noticed that Hartog was paying attentions to her daughter, and frequently found they remained on the front stoop together.

AS LATE AS THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

She forbade Hartog the house, and in March last her daughter left her and took up her residence at 896 Second avenue, where the neighbors said she was living with Hartog. On one occasion she went to her daughter's rooms at six o'clock in the morning and met Hartog there.

Mr. Robertson told the magistrate that he had recently arrived in town from Leadville, Col., where he was employed in mining, and that, on reaching New York, he found his daughter was living with Hartog, and that a draft for \$25 which he had remitted to her had not been given by her to her lover. The draft had not been cashed, and he waited at the office of the firm on whom it was drawn until Hartog appeared. Hartog had the draft in his hand, indorsed by Miss Robertson. Mr. Robertson snatched it from his hands. On Wednesday Hartog boasted to him of the influence he had over his daughter, and offered, in consideration of \$100, to bring her back to her parents. Mr. Robertson therefore believed the whole affair

WAS A BLACKMAILING SCHEME.

Miss Robertson was asked by Justice Kilbreth if she did not wish to return to her parents. She burst into tears, and said that she had been so cruelly treated that she did not desire to return to them. Her mother had starved and otherwise maltreated her. In March her mother told her to shift for herself, as she was going to the country, and that in the future she would have to earn her own living. Hartog had promised on last Christmas to marry her, but not having money enough, they agreed to postpone their marriage until they were able to go to housekeeping. After her mother told her to leave, Hartog came to her assistance, and they went into the millinery and dressmaking business together, her affianced being an excellent "man milliner." She denied the assertions made by her mother that she was intimate with Hartog. She had given him the draft because

HE HAD ADVANCED MONEY TO HER.

Miss Robertson further said that she had performed, under the name of *Radamah*, the part of the "old maid" in the "Mighty Dollar" at the Park Theatre, and had also an engagement at the Broadway Theatre in a minor part. Hartog denied the story of attempted blackmail, and said he had acted honorably toward the young woman. He done all he could for her when she was turned away from home and was ready to marry her. He claimed that Mrs. Robertson had thrown a pot of boiling water at her daughter, and when he tried to stop her Mrs. Robertson seized a pair of scissors and stabbed him seven times in the wrist. After listening to the different stories, Justice Kilbreth said: "This young woman is of age and able to look after herself. She is discharged. You can also go, Mr. Hartog. There is no charge sustained against you."

Miss Robertson and Hartog left the court together, but not until the latter had applied in vain for a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Robertson on a charge of assault.

Hell in a Huckleberry Marsh.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SOUTH BEND, Ind., July 26.—Where the three counties of St. Joseph, Starke and Marshall corner is situated an immense huckleberry marsh which is as veritable a hell-hole as can be found on earth. There are six hundred acres in the marsh and in its centre is a large island occupied with the tents of the berry-pickers, liquor shanties, gambling-holes and huts of prostitution. From three to five thousand people are occupied in picking berries, and it is estimated that there are at least five hundred prostitutes and gamblers on these grounds. Many of them are from Chicago and are the very worst of their class. Any crime short of murder is committed openly and in defiance of law. Innocent men, who happen to wander on to the island unconscious of the character of the people, are beaten senseless if they refuse to gamble, and then have their pockets picked. Decent women who avoid the island are hunted up in the marsh and insulted with impunity. Fights are of constant occurrence. A few days ago a prostitute was beaten nearly to death by her man because she failed to entice a virtuous country girl on the island for purposes of prostitution. Another was served in a like manner because she failed to rope in a greenhorn and get his money. The island is known as "the stamping ground" and is ruled by a notorious harlot who is called "the huckleberry queen." Last Sunday she drew two revolvers on two roughs who refused to do her bidding. With a can-can kick each man sent a revolver whizzing through space and then one of them knocked her down. This woman is so notoriously bad that it is a saying at the island that when a rattlesnake bites her it always dies. Sunday is the worst day on the island. Then the immense dancing platform is covered with prostitutes and their pimps, the liquor huts are in full blast, the gamblers are busy with their different games of

chance, and all the day and night the prostitutes ply their infamous trade with the greatest success. One of the worst features of this terrible place is the opportunities offered for entrapping young people of both sexes who come from different parts of the surrounding country to gather berries and are exposed to the wiles of these depraved of both sexes.

STABBED BY A STRANGER.

A Drunken Russian Wantonly Attacks a Man Without Provocation and Fatally Stabs him With a Jack-Knife.

A case of deliberate assault, which is a fit companion-piece to the Church street murder, occurred on Saturday, 26th ult., in West street. Patrick Sweeney, a rigger in the employ of the Inman Steamship Company, was stabbed at eight o'clock on that night in West street by John Trainor, to him a total stranger, without quarrel or provocation. His injuries were supposed to be mortal. Sweeney, who is a stout, rather low-sized, but very muscular man of thirty-two years, stood at the corner of Charlton and West streets, talking to his friend, William Campbell, of 452 Greenwich street. The two, walking in opposite directions, had met and exchanged friendly greetings. Campbell, coming along West street, had passed a rough-looking man a minute before, who, as he passed, pulled something from his pocket with a quick, jerking movement. As he stopped and shook hands with Sweeney, the same man ran against him, and at the instant Sweeney threw up a hand and called out: "I am stabbed!"

"OH, I AM STABBED!"

The stranger struck Sweeney once in the chest, and in the light of a near lamp, Campbell saw a knife gleaming in his hand, and grappled with him. Sweeney threw himself upon his assailant, too, and together they bore him to the ground and wrenched the weapon, an ugly, long-bladed jack-knife, from his grasp. The stranger jumped up and walked rapidly up Charlton street. At Washington street he shouted to Officer O'Neill, who seized the fugitive. In the struggle that followed he escaped from the officer once, but was immediately again seized and taken to the Prince street police station, whither also was taken the wounded man Sweeney, who was growing weak and failing fast. On being questioned by the police, the would-be murderer

PLAYED VERY DRUNK.

He roared and staggered in a manner so sudden and extraordinary that strong suspicions were aroused that he was "playing possum." This suspicion was confirmed by the testimony of Campbell, who told his story as above, adding that he had noticed no evidence of drunkenness in the prisoner until brought to the station. With some difficulty he was made to give his name—John Trainor, age thirty-four, Irish, by occupation a laborer. He was consigned to a cell in the basement, where he tumbled upon the wooden cot, apparently in a stupor. Half an hour later he was readily awakened by a reporter, however, and despite his very evident efforts to appear no more sober than he really was, he managed to tell a story different to the one of his victim. He had been assaulted by three or four men at Greenwich and West streets he said; they tore the vest from his back, and he

STRUCK BACK IN SELF-DEFENSE.

"I don't live nowhere," he said, pitching heavily forward upon the grated door, and looking out stupidly at the reporter. When told that Sweeney might die, he yelled, "Let him die, then;" and, muttering imprecations, stretched himself upon his cot. Sweeney was taken to St. Vincent hospital in an ambulance. The thin blade of the knife had cut through his left side twice, making two clean cut wounds, each an inch long, penetrating the lung. He frequently spit up blood, showing that internal hemorrhage existed, and the doctor shook his head in answer to all inquiries for his chances. Sweeney is an industrious ship-rigger, who has a wife and three children living at 292 West Houston street.

He was perfectly sober when in the station-house. Trainor is to him a complete stranger. He never saw him before and gave no provocation, he says, for the assault. Not a word was spoken by either at the time of the stabbing.

Atrocious Outrage by Flushing Roughs.

The house of Charles Tilly, Garden street, Flushing, was entered by a gang of roughs at two o'clock Sunday morning, 27th ult., and a most cowardly outrage perpetrated. On entering the building they proceeded to the sleeping apartment of Mr. Tilly, broke open the door, and without the least provocation began to beat him on the head and face. There were three men in the gang, and Mr. Tilly feared to offer any resistance. Not satisfied with the beating they had administered to Mr. Tilly, they next turned their attention to his wife. One of the gang more brutal than his companions, threw two pails of water on the mother and her three days' old babe as they lay in bed, completely drenching them and the bedding. They were all grossly intoxicated and on regaining the street commenced to quarrel among themselves. At the corner of Washington and Main streets one of the party named William Stanton was stabbed in the abdomen. Dr. Hicks, who dressed the wound, says it will not prove fatal. At five o'clock on the morning of the 29th, Officer Hanze arrested Stanton and one Joseph McGrath. They were arraigned before Justice Lever and held in default of \$200 bail each for examination. The third party, William Belen, has left the neighborhood. They are all residents in Flushing, and are considered bad characters. Mrs. Tilly's present condition is considered very critical.

A bloody fight took place at Brookston, Ind., near Lafayette, on the 26th. John Mansfield, a young man, and Henry White, an old one, and well-known farmer got into a difficulty and began fighting. The latter was cut with a knife which penetrated the left lung. Mansfield was arrested. The injured man is in a critical condition.

IN THE TOILS OF THE TEMPTER.

A Married Woman's Story of how She was Snared by an Unprincipled Scoundrel.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17th.—On June 8th, 1879, there was filed in the Fifteenth District Court, a suit for what is called in legal parlance "Criminal Conversation," in other words an action for damages by an aggrieved husband for the seduction of his wife. The plaintiff is a well-known saloon man, Julius Jobmann by name, lately proprietor of the large basement-saloon on the southeast corner of Post and Dupont streets, and the defendant is George Lang, of the wholesale liquor firm of Lang & Co., corner of Dupont and Morton streets—a married man, and the father of three children. His wife and the children are now in Germany. The Jobmanns and the Langs were all on friendly terms, Mrs. Jobmann and Mrs. Lang being intimate, and Jobmann being one of Lang's customers and purchasing all his supplies from him. Some time ago he sold out his saloon and went to spend a vacation in one of the southern counties, leaving his wife in the city carrying on her own business, that of dressmaking. The history of her fall is given by her as follows: About the middle of May, at the close of her day's work, she called at Lang's store to purchase a bottle of port wine for her own use. Lang waited upon her himself, and upon her making a remark that she was in a hurry to get home as she had not had any dinner, Lang replied that he had not either and was just going to dine and would be pleased to

HAVE HER ACCOMPANY HIM.

She consented, and the two went to Camp's and had dinner. At the close they got into the Central railway cars, she expecting to go to her rooms on Sixth street and that he would leave her at the junction of Turk and Taylor streets and go to his own home at the corner of Post and Buchanan streets. But it being a pleasant evening an invitation to ride to the end of the line and back followed and was accepted. In the neighborhood of his residence he discovered that it was necessary to procure some little article from his house and would she make that block or so with him? She would and did. Arriving at the house Lang opened the door and requested Mrs. Jobmann just to step inside until he got what he wanted. As she complied he shut and locked the door and made known his purpose to her, at the same time pleading his great love for her and charging many and manifold martial infidelities against her absent husband. She urged him in his wife's name to desist, but was met with the reply that he did not care for his wife, he had never loved her, that he had been induced to marry her by her threats of self-destruction, if he did not, and much more of the same kind of language. In spite of her tears and supplications Lang finally accomplished his wicked purposes, nor would he suffer her to depart until the following morning. Mrs. Jobmann is a delicate woman, an Lang a tall, stalwart man, and her resistance availed her

NOTHING AGAINST HIS SUPERIOR STRENGTH.

Sick at heart and not knowing what to do or caring what became of her, Mrs. Jobmann went to her rooms and in a day or two went about her work as usual, but avoiding Lang and his place of business. She now supposes that some friend of her husband must have seen her and Lang together that night, for immediately after this Jobmann returned and acted as if out of his head, watching her all the time as a cat does a mouse. Never during the two years of their married life had an unkind word passed between them, and Mrs. Jobmann, not aware of her husband's suspicions, was greatly puzzled at his apparently strange behavior. About two weeks after his return, he announced one morning that he was going to Napa that afternoon, and she went with him at his request and saw him off on the Vallejo boat. That evening Lang called on her for the first time since the accomplishment of her ruin, and insisted upon her going to dinner with him as before. She told Lang of her husband's strange actions, but neither ascribed it to the right cause. Lang escorted her after dinner back to her rooms and, holding the power he did over her, insisted upon her consenting to

PASS THE NIGHT WITH HIM AT THE PALACE HOTEL. Between ten and eleven o'clock a room was secured there, and while she was taking a bath preparatory to retiring and Lang was dozing, a knock was heard at the door. Lang opened it and found to his horror and amazement the wronged husband, accompanied



JOHN ENDER, A SKILLED COLORED DETECTIVE. ATTACHED TO THE CHICAGO POLICE FORCE.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MILLE GENEVIEVE, BURLESQUE ARTISTE AND VOCALIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

by two policemen. Dressing as quickly as ever woman did, Mrs. Jobmann, covering her face, appealed to one of the officers to see her out of the hotel, and she left the irate husband and her destroyer to settle matters the best way they could. Pistols were drawn, but their use was prevented by the officers. A natural desire was manifested by the hotel clerk that there should be no blood spilt or any more attention drawn to the matter. This was about the end of May. On June 3rd Jobmann commenced a suit for divorce against his wife, and on the 5th of June another suit against Lang, alleging that "defendant, wrongfully contriving and intending to injure the plaintiff and to deprive him of the comfort, society and assistance of his wife wickedly, willfully and maliciously" seduced and alienated the affections of his wife, and demands \$25,000 damages therefor and costs of suit. Lang, accompanied by an attorney, called on Mrs. Jobmann a few days after the commencement of the suit to see what assistance he could

HAVE FROM HIS VICTIM IN HIS DEFENSE.

Hard words passed and the attorney was ordered out of the house. On Thursday last Mrs. Jobmann, learning that Lang was making inquiries about her previous life, got on horseback, and meeting him somewhere near the corner of Post and Buchanan streets, wanted to know what he was making these inquiries for, and in reply the proposition was made to her by Lang, she says, that if she would make an affidavit that she was never married to her husband he would supply her with money enough to leave the country. This offer Mrs. Jobmann indignantly refused, with the remark that he had not money enough to induce her to swear to a lie. That she heard he was looking up the time and place of her marriage, and the proof of it and the certificate was in her husband's hands. Lang then denounced the whole affair as a "put up job," and threatened to hand her and her husband over the police as a pair of blackmailers and send them over to visit the Smallmans.

On June 18th Lang's attorney demurred to the complaint as not stating facts sufficient to constitute

cause of action. It is understood that Lang avers that he is the victim of a conspiracy.

A Terrible Fight for Life.

ST. LOUIS, July 24th.—At one o'clock this afternoon an exciting scene occurred at the slaughter pen of James Caffrey, at Butchertown, Mo. In the cattle pen were a number of Texan Steers, which had been placed there at an early hour this morning. A butcher named Henry Smith entered the pen to drive a steer into the slaughter-house. The steer made a rush at the drover. Smith dodged the infuriated animal, and struck it over the head with a club. Smith then made a rush for the fence, which is about seven feet high. But the steer had wheeled around, and dashed after him. Smith had no time to make his escape over the fence. He turned, in his desperation, and faced the animal, which came rushing at him with its head bent low. Smith jumped to one side and again dealt the beast a terrific blow with his club. The steer succeeded in wounding him in the left side with its horn and in an instant had turned round for another charge.

Smith called lustily for help, threw away his club, and took a huge clasp knife out of his pocket, and opened it. Almost in a second the wild brute was again on the man. It caught Smith on its horns, one of them penetrating his abdomen. Smith clutched the other horn, and with his right arm dug the knife in the brute's right eye. The steer bellowed and turned away for an instant, and again rushed at its enemy. The horns of the animal again struck Smith on the forehead, but glided off, inflicting two wounds. The butcher at the same time slashed the steer across the throat.

Smith again clutched hold of one of the horns and buried his knife in the steer's left eye, thus blinding it. He clung to the horns, although the beast, in its agony, bellowed and tried to shake him off. Smith's cries for help brought butchers and stock men to the scene, two of them with guns. They took

aim, and killed the steer almost instantly. Smith soon fell into an unconscious condition, terribly weakened by loss of blood. A physician gave hopes of Smith's recovery.

A Bloody Italian Row.

Italians from the province of Salerno live at 312 and 314 Mott street. A few of the men have their families with them, but the majority have left their wives and children in Italy. They work at sweeping the streets and on the refuse scows. Rosario Murano occupied a room in the attic at 314. On Saturday afternoon, 26th ult., some of his countrymen gathered there to play "morra." In the party were Mateo Marino, who is Murano's brother-in-law, Felice Bamoto, Giovanni Manaco and Nicholas Morracio. "Morra" is an Italian game. One player holds up his open palm, and then suddenly throws it forward, projecting one, two, three or four fingers. As he makes the movement the others guess how many fingers he will project. Whoever hits the right number wins. At this game the Italians played during the entire afternoon, and hundreds of pennies changed hands. Beer was brought in a pitcher, and by six o'clock all were intoxicated. Murano offered a glass of the beverage to Monaco, who had drank as much as he wanted, and rejected it. Murano pressed it on him, but Monaco still declined to drink. This enraged Murano, and he hurled it at Monaco, but it missed him and struck Marino in the forehead, cutting a great gash. The sight of blood seemed to infuriate the drunken men. A general fight followed. Daggers were drawn on every side. Murano dropped with a groan. Bamoto had stabbed him in the right shoulder and the back. The wounds were deep and pierced the lung. Bamoto hurried away with Morracio. The others summoned an Italian physician, who tried to plaster up the cuts. It was not until ten o'clock that the policeman on that post was informed of the affair. Murano was then removed to the St. Vincent's Hospital, where the chances of his life were deemed small. Policemen went to Morracio's house, at 320 East Eleventh street, and found Bamoto sleeping there at half past two o'clock on the following morning. He was taken to the hospital and there to the bedside of Murano, who was roused from his stupor.

"Is this the man who stabbed you?" Policeman Tossan asked in Italian.

"Yes, that is the man," was the reply.

"Are you perfectly sure?"

"Yes—he did it." And Murano closed his eyes in pain.

Bamoto would say nothing. He was taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court, and committed to await the result of Murano's injuries. Bamoto is a small man, with full reddish beard, dark hair, black eyes, and an unintelligent but vicious visage. The other Italians concerned in the fight were held as witnesses.

A Probable Tragedy.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 27.—A physician giving his name as Leyno, of Baltimore, Md., arrived at Dunning's, a village on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, ten miles from this city, two weeks ago, and took a room in the Railroad House, owned by Jacob Garman. He was successful in cases that baffled home physicians. He signified his intention to many residents to remain in the village, last Tuesday he disappeared after taking dinner. In the afternoon Garman, the proprietor of the hotel, informed some of the citizens that he had been robbed. He asserted that \$20 had been taken from his pocket-book. He also said that the doctor had quit the place. The residents of the place did not believe the story, and from the fact that Garman does not bear a good reputation, foul play was suspected on the doctor's sudden disappearance. Garman a day or two later, while riding with a neighbor, was told of the rumors, and he is represented to have said that if he killed the doctor, he had buried him so deep he would never be found. Garman had hitherto not been known to have any large amount of money in his possession, and the fact that a small salt sack, full of silver quarters and half dollars, was lately seen in his possession, serves to strengthen the belief that the doctor has been made away with. In his room were found two promissory notes of \$100 each, a gold-headed cane, and a catholic prayer book printed in 1642. Garman says that two days' board was left unpaid, but it is thought that Leyno would not leave other valuable property to avoid the payment of the bill.

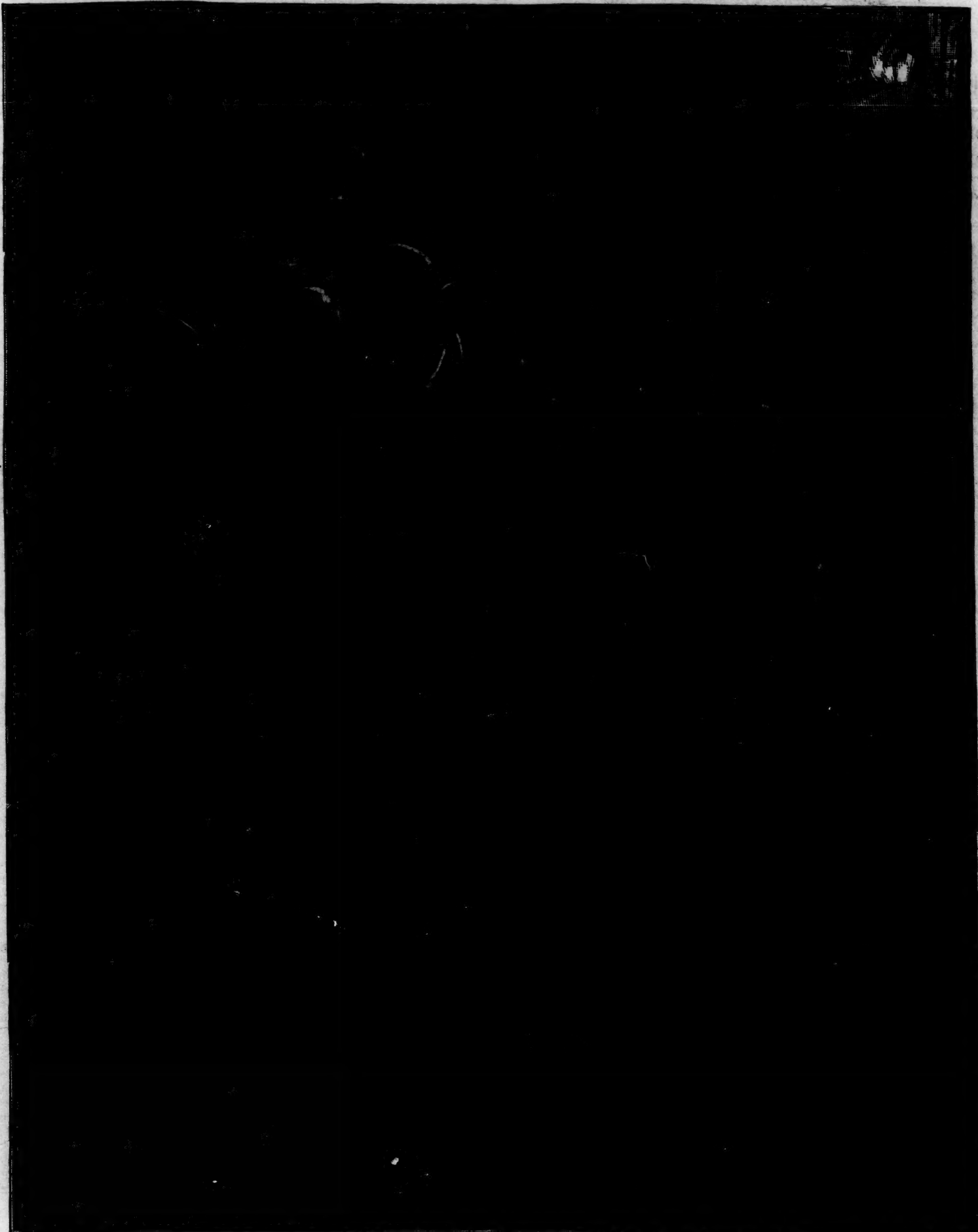


A. G. STAGG, CONSTABLE OF WOOD COUNTY, W. VA.; CAPTOR OF THE NEGRO RAPE-FIEND, MORT LEE.

Involved in a Killing Surapa.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 27.—The son of General E. O. C. Ord, the Department Commander, young James Ord, was arrested today at Pleasanton, Atascosa county, charged with being accessory to the killing of Theodore T. Dewees, who was killed there yesterday evening. Dewees, who was a sheep rancher and who gambled sometimes, had a feud which originated in Charles Lempke having told his family of his sporting proclivities, that resulted in Dewees's wife's separation from him. Lempke and he met last evening and had a quarrel, which resulted in the death of Dewees, and it is charged that young Ord furnished Lempke with the knife with which he stabbed Dewees in the abdomen, causing his death in a few moments. Dewees has relatives here who are wealthy, and he is wealthy.

General Ord immediately proceeded to Pleasanton with Mr. Columbus Upson, and returned this evening. They were met out on the road ten miles from town by J. S. Ramsey, who witnessed the killing of Dewees. Ramsey says young Ord and Lempke were riding off when they were hailed by Dewees, who called them back. When they came to where he was they dismounted, and Lempke asked Dewees what he wanted, when Dewees said, "I want to give you some of this," and, after striking Lempke, turned to Ord and said, "Maybe you want some too." Ord said he had nothing to do with the quarrel, and then Dewees struck Lempke again. Lempke then stabbed him, and he died almost immediately. Ord, Ramsey states, did not give the knife to Lempke, and both of them were armed with knives and pistols. Ord has been released on bond, and will be fined for carrying deadly weapons. Lempke will be examined before a committing magistrate tomorrow. Ord's counsel think Ord's connection

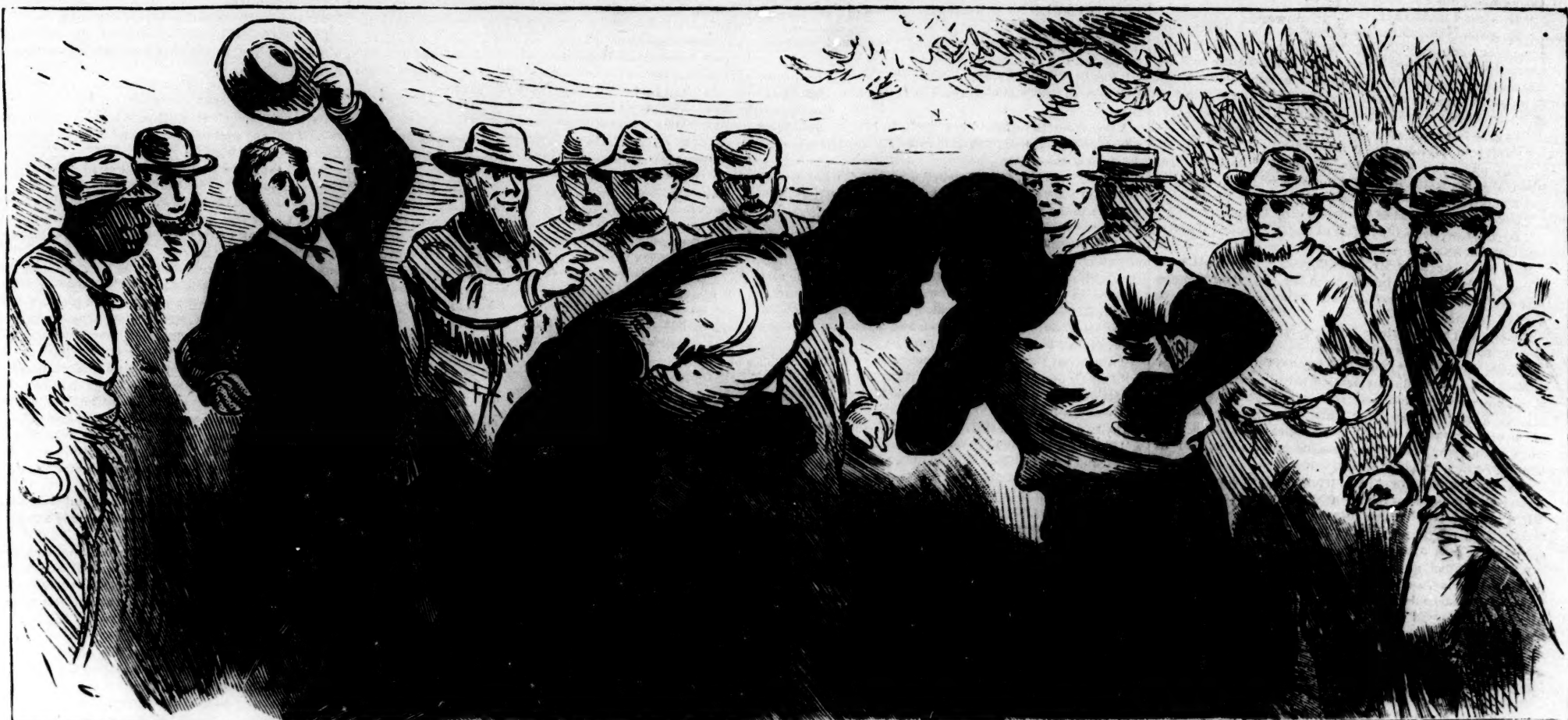


THE EXCITING MIDNIGHT SENSATION ON A QUIET STREET OF ERIE, PA., WHICH BROUGHT THE SOMNOLENT RESIDENTS TO THE WINDOWS TO WITNESS A VERY REMARKABLE SCENE—THOMAS M. WALKER, POSTMASTER OF THE CITY, SEIZED, BEATEN AND HANDCUFFED BY THREE ASSAILANTS, ON ACCOUNT OF A SCANDAL IN WHICH THE POSTMASTER WAS THE ALLEGED OFFENDING PARTY.—See Page 7.

with the affair will cease upon his payment of the fine. Dewees's wife has been telegraphed for. She lives at Tyler.

Murdered by Mesmerism.

A respectably attired female applied to Mr. De Rutsen, at the Marylebone Police Court in London, recently for his assistance under the following circumstances: She said she was continually being mesmerized and magnetized by her husband and his servants, and her bodily substance was being taken away by it. They could mesmerize her at a distance, and she was dying miserably by it. Mr. De Rutsen said he was afraid it was not a matter of which he could take cognizance. Applicant—If death ensues, is not that enough? Death will ensue in a day or two. It is destroying body and bowels and blood. I am being gradually murdered by my husband and his two English servants. It ought to be written down. Anybody who has an interest in another person's death might do this. Will you write down my complaint, and summon my husband and my two servants? Mr. De Rutsen said he could not do it. Applicant, vehemently: "You have the power. It is a failure of justice. It is real murder. It is just the same as pointing a pistol at a person's head. That woman who died in Kent died in this way. She was slowly mesmerized to her death. I am gradually dying, and the substance of my body is being taken away. I have had thirteen doctors during the year." Mr. De Rutsen suggested that he should send an officer to the house. The applicant— "Can not you have my husband before you and question him about it?" Mr. De Rutsen observed that he could not. The applicant—"You are an English magistrate, and you connive at private murders. Good morning." [Laughter.] She then left the witness box and the court, muttering to herself as she went.



FATAL BUTTING MATCH BETWEEN THICK-SKULLED AFRICANS—CHARLES BURLINGTON AND "BOB" BROOKS, TWO TYPICAL SOUTHERN NEGROES, ENGAGE IN AN ENCOUNTER IN THE CHARACTERISTIC MANNER OF THEIR RACE, FOR A PURSE OF \$450 AND THE "CHAMPION BUTTER'S" CAP, BEFORE A LARGE ASSEMBLAGE, IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF GREENVILLE, N. C., RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF THE FORMER.—See Page 10.

LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

"Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]
CHAPTER IX.
(Continued.)

"Waters, you are an infernal scoundrel."

"Thank you; there's a pair of us, I fancy. Now I'm going home. You can make up your mind and see me at my room to-morrow night."

"You need not expect me," said Varnum, sullenly, with an assumption of firmness. "I'll have nothing to do with any such thing as you propose."

"Yes, you will, and you know it. Good night—and pleasant dreams," he added, ironically.

And so these precious scoundrels parted. Impelled by an irresistible fate, they were drawing nearer and nearer to the brink.

The curtain was about to rise upon a double tragedy.

CHAPTER X.

SETTING THE TRAP.

Jack Waters returned to his room after his interview with Varnum in a very well satisfied frame of mind. In spite of the latter's protestations, he felt little doubt that Varnum would accept his offer, and he therefore went on with his preparations as though the compact was an assured one.

Nor was he disappointed.

On the following morning Waters left his squalid quarters at an early hour, and went to a shabby-looking old house in Bond street.

It had once been a fashionable mansion, but was now evidently occupied by a large number of tenants, whose appearance indicated that they were not of very reputable character.

Entering the house, Waters ascended to the top floor and knocked at the door of the front room.

It was opened by a woman wearing a loose wrapper and with her unkempt black hair hanging about her shoulders. Her face had once been quite pretty, and still retained traces of its former beauty, but the marks of dissipation and a reckless life had sadly marred its features.

It was Lizzie Cameron.

She evinced no surprise at the sight of Waters, but merely greeted him with: "Hallo, Jack; you here again? What do you want now?"

Waters entered the room, which was shabbily furnished and in disorder, and, first seating himself in a rickety chair, replied:

"To give you some money, Liz, in the first place; you look as if you were hard up, and I've just made a stake."

"You're right enough, Jack! I am hard up; I'm always hard up, in fact. How much have you got?"

"About five hundred."

"Thunder! You must have struck a sucker sure."

"No; it was a friend of yours."

"You don't mean Star Varnum?"

"That identical individual."

"Well, he's no friend of mine," said Lizzie, spitefully. "If he had all the good luck I wish he'd be where the dogs wouldn't bite him. But how in the world did you ever get so much sugar out of him?"

"I can't tell you that just yet, my dear," replied Jack, "but you shall know in time—that is, if you keep your promise and go away with me as you agreed."

"Whenever you like. Anything would be better than the life I'm leading now. When do you want me to go?"

"Not for a day or two yet," replied Waters. "I'll let you know. All you've got to do is to get ready and wait until you hear from me. In the meantime here are fifty dollars, which you can use for your preparations."

"I'll be on hand whenever you want me," said Lizzie.

"That's right. Now, one thing more. Do you know where I can find Fanny King?"

"Not exactly; but I think you can find her without much trouble. I have seen her once since she left my rooms, and she told me she had found a friend in Mrs. Fleming, the woman who nursed Mr. Carter when he was wounded, and that she was living with her."

"Did she tell you where?"

"Somewhere in Hester street, she said; she gave me the number, but I have forgotten it."

"How am I to find her, then?"

"Easy enough. Mrs. Fleming has got a brother or cousin, or something of that kind, named Marks, who is connected with Olbin's Theatre. I think Fanny said he was stage manager. He will be sure to know where she lives, and I suppose you are smart enough to get it out of him. But what do you want of Fanny King?"

"To give her some very important information."

"Can't you tell me what it is?"

"Not now; you shall know all about it in time," replied Waters, rising to go. "I must be off now, for I've got a hundred things to do to-day."

"Good-bye," said Lizzie, "when may I expect you?"

"To-morrow, or the day after at latest," replied Waters, and hurried away.

Half an hour later Mr. Jack Waters entered his own room, and in fifteen minutes more the Reverend Thomas Luyster emerged therefrom and proceeded at once to Olbin's Theatre.

He inquired at the stage door for Mr. Marks, and that worthy soon made his appearance.

Making a plausible excuse that he was the former pastor of Miss King, and had some news of the utmost importance to communicate to her, Waters found no difficulty in obtaining Fanny's address, for Marks knew almost nothing of the circumstances of Fanny's disappearance and return since both Fanny and Mrs. Fleming had determined to keep the whole unhappy business a secret.

Thanking Marks for his courtesy Waters hastened to Hester street, and soon found the dwelling indicated.

It was a two story frame cottage, its neatly painted exterior, with curtained windows and a general air of respectability proclaiming it the home of honest industry.

Waters rapped at the old-fashioned brass knocker affixed to the door, and quickly gained admittance.

On being ushered into the little sitting room he found himself confronted with Fanny herself, Mrs. Fleming being at the time absent, engaged in her duties as a nurse.

Fanny rose to her feet, turned pale, and started back in alarm, for she recognized him at once as the pseudo minister who had, as she thought, assisted in her betrayal.

The seeming clergyman hastened to reassure her.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear young lady," he said, in soothing tones; "I have but just learned of the great wrong that has been done you and have come to right it."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Fanny, alternately flushing and paling as she sank into a chair and motioned her visitor to do the same.

"That I can prove your marriage to Star Varnum to be legal, and that I will do so."

"Oh, sir," cried Fanny, "if you can do that I will bless you forever. I care nothing for Mr. Varnum, nor do I ask any assistance or support from him, but I wish to clear my name from the shame that now blights it."

"Your name shall be cleared, fear nothing, but trust in me. Mr. Varnum intends to be married this evening to Miss Van Dilgen, a young lady of great wealth, living up town. If you will place yourself in my hands, we will confront him at the very altar, and compel him to do you justice."

"But is there no other way," asked Fanny, shrinking from the thought of such a scene, "can we not see him sooner, and alone?"

"It is impossible, my child. He is absent from the city, at Newport, and will only return in time for the ceremony. It is the only way to maintain your rights and prevent him from committing a dreadful crime. You will go, will you not?"

"I suppose I must. Yes, I will trust you. But may not my friend Mrs. Fleming accompany us?"

"It will be best for you to go alone, and I must beg that you will not mention the matter to any one, not even to your friend. I have a reason for this which I cannot explain at present, but much depends on it. Had I learned of Mr. Varnum's treachery and shameful deception earlier, it would have been far different, but I have been away on a visit to my daughter, and only returned two days ago. A chance meeting with an unfortunate young woman who was present at your marriage put me in possession of the facts, but I have had much difficulty in finding you out."

"What then must I do?" asked Fanny, hesitatingly.

"You must be ready to go with me at half-past eight to-night. I will have a carriage ready and we will drive directly to the house. Make some excuse to your friend, that you want to take a walk, or do a little shopping, or something of that kind, and you will find me waiting for you on the second corner above here. In two hours time you will be able to return here, after having unmasked that villain, and established your rights. Will you be ready?"

"I will," replied Fanny, "but oh, sir, I hope you will not deceive me."

"You may trust me, my child," responded the pretended clergyman, "it is my duty to see that justice is done you. Now I must go. You will remember all my instructions?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have no fear, all will be well," and bowing and pressing her hand the reverend gentleman took his leave.

He returned at once to the room on the west side, and once there, Rev. Thomas Luyster soon disappeared, while Mr. Jack Waters took his place.

The trap was set.

CHAPTER XI.

A FATAL PLOT.

Five o'clock struck from a neighboring church tower, and still Mr. Jack Waters waited, patiently smoking a long, black pipe.

He was perfectly confident that his confederate would join him, and that the nefarious scheme he had briefly outlined on the previous evening would be carried out in its entirety.

So far as one part of his anticipations was concerned he was not disappointed.

The echoes of the low-toned bell had scarcely died away upon the air, when there came a sharp rap at the door.

He arose and opened it.

The caller was Star Varnum!

"So, you've come to time, have you?" said Waters, with a smile of deepest import, as he re-seated himself.

"Well, what have you decided?"

"To accept your proposition."

"You are sensible. Let us arrange the details, then, at once, for we have not a moment to lose. Have you brought the money with you?"

"It is here," and Varnum tapped his breast pocket significantly.

"Very well, then. Can you get the use of a coupe for a few hours this evening?"

"We can hire one."

"That won't do. We can't take any risk. You must get one somewhere, and drive it yourself."

"Is that absolutely necessary?"

"Everything depends upon it."

"Then I will take my own."

"How can you get rid of your coachman?" queried Waters.

"Very simply," replied Varnum, "I will order the carriage, have him drive me to some convenient point, and then send him away on an errand, telling him that I will mind the coupe until he returns. As soon as he is out of the way I will drive to the rendezvous; will that do?"

"Admirably."

"But I must disguise myself," continued Varnum, "how am I to arrange that?"

"Easily," replied Waters, opening a closet, "here you will find all that you require; I had already thought of that."

A few moments sufficed to transform Star Varnum from a fashionably-dressed young man to an apparently middle-aged coach-driver.

"Now," he said, as he finished dressing, "what are the details of your plan? I must know everything, so that we may make no mistake."

"Certainly," replied Waters.

"You must have the carriage at this corner," and he gave Varnum a card on which an address was written, "at half-past eight. I will meet you there with the girl. As soon as we are seated you will drive to this point," and he handed him another card. "When you reach the exact spot, pull up, and get down and open the carriage door. I will help the lady out."

"And what then?" asked Varnum, anxiously.

"This!" and Waters took from the closet a cylindrical object about two feet long, its surface black and shiny. It was a sand-club.

The two men cast a sinister glance at each other.

"The river is close by," said Waters, in a hoarse whisper, "and I never heard that dead women told any tales, any more than dead men."

"It's an awful thing to do," said Varnum, with a shudder, "and a terrible risk."

"No risk whatever, if you don't lose your nerve," replied Waters, scornfully. "I tell you we can't fail. Now, about the money."

"I told you I had it with me," replied Varnum.

"Yes, but I want it with me."

"What, before it is earned?"

"Not exactly, you give me half now, and the rest when the thing is finished."

"You will not betray me?"

"Do I look like such a fool as that? That's right," added Waters, as he received the money, "you must be off at once and make your arrangements for the night. Be sure to be at the corner at the time I mentioned, and I will answer for the rest."

"I will go at once, and you need not fear but that I will be on hand when wanted."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

New York Going Through the Farce of Enjoyment on Coney Island's Spit of Sand.

CORBIN AND THE JEWS.

Great Joy at Ascertaining How Much Levy Gets for Tooting on the Horn.

STORY OF A SAINT.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

To write of Coney Island under the head "Glimpses of Gotham" is perfectly proper. At this season of the year, if you wish to get a good glimpse of this remarkable city as afforded by its inhabitants, Coney Island is the place to go.

Particularly on a Sunday, as Emeline and I did last week.

Dear girl; she has returned from some mysterious jaunt about which she is tantalizingly silent. I repeat "dear girl" when I think of the bill which I paid for the supper we had at Manhattan Beach.

At the very beginning of my remarks about Coney Island I want to say that I consider it a fraud. I liked it better in the good old days when a boat ran to the Point, when there were but few taverns and no Delmonico waiters, and when you didn't need to bet on the thimble under which you thought the "little joker" was unless you wanted to.

They speak now of those times having been given up to roughs and lawless crowds, of constant fights and disgraceful scenes. The boats that run down now are filled with roughs, only of a different class—the well-dressed breed, that insult ladies.

At Rockaway Beach, not long ago, there was a pitched battle between the entire constabulary and a gang of hoodlums.

On a crowded Coney Island boat, still later, a young thief cries "Fire!" and produces a panic that could very easily have been attended by fatal results. His gang rally about him, defy the conservative citizens who were going to throw him overboard, and finally get him off with a \$10 fine.

It would be worth while re-inaugurating the Sepoy rebellion for the sake of blowing that cur from the cannon's mouth.

I would rather touch off said cannon with my cigar than hear that a few tickets in French pools which I have were worth \$1,000 each.

As to robbery, there is more of it done now at Coney Island than ever—only the style is different.

It used to be in this way: You would become enthused on the beauty of the marine view and numbers of ram punches, taken after your bath to keep off any chill.

In this poetic condition you would wander out alone on the deserted beach to hear what the wild waves were saying. Footpad would be behind a bath-house, with a club.

A sand club, of course.

Whack! The one policeman, staggering along with a battle lantern, hours after, found you knocked out of your time.

By this I mean your watch was gone, and your wallet. That was the old style. The robbery of the present enlightened age is accomplished in this manner. Take my case for example:

Emeline and I have a little supper. It isn't an extraordinarily fine supper; neither is it a poor one. It is fair. The check is presented by the polite waiter, and I pay it to the gentlemanly cashier.

That's the modern style of robbery on a fine scale. Charging five cents for a pup glass of beer is the democratic exemplification of the same idea.

Then look how they treat a tremendous crowd drawn thither by a holiday, or an announcement of a fireworks exhibition.

By the time you get home in the overcrowded cars you imagine you are a Texan steer, and feel an irresistible impulse to toss somebody.

In an interview that Mr. Corbin, of Manhattan Beach, had with one of the many reporters who have been besieging him, he unblushingly confessed that he had marked up his restaurant prices on purpose to keep common people away.

Now Emeline and myself are neither common nor Jews. We have a rather distinguished bearing; and people in the street often turn with the remark as we pass:

Not "There goes Muldoon; he's a solid man—"

But "They must be titled French people."

All this is very pleasant; but simply because Emeline and I look like millionaires is no reason we should pay on their basis for an ordinary dinner.

Nature herself has not been kind to Coney Island. It's a scorching bit of sand, on which a blustering sea rolls in. If you want any foliage you will have to go into the bars and camp under their bunches of mint, or go back to Bath and draw Coney Island up with a spy-glass. On dull days it's a waste of balconies, occupied by surly waiters cleaning up lamps and washing buckets of water around.

On a very busy day you can't get foothold hardly. It's nothing but a rush, a jam, a hungry, thirsty fight.

The ocean on one side, the hotels and shanties on the other.

If you go in bathing and get drowned you at least avoid being swindled, and stand a chance of not being crowded going home.

The young Welshman who tried to commit suicide there had an eye for the appropriate. He pulled the trigger when he discovered that his last cash—\$12 had vanished.

If he had gone to Coney Island before he bought the pistol he wouldn't have started any lead mine in his breast.

Why? Because Coney Island wouldn't have left him any money.

THE RAILROADS.

You will notice that everything about this famous spot is of the ephemeral ramshackle order. How pretty the hotels look with their fancy turrets, and sea-shell music stands! But how flimsy?

So with the railroads, especially the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island, which starts appropriately from Greenwood cemetery and winds up at the most God forsaken part of the beach.

The rolling stock of the various lines is utterly inadequate to carry the crowds which the flaring advertisements, and man's natural desire to get a plunge into the sea, and a whiff of its air, draw to the ocean.

The conductors as a rule are by no means polite, and the hapless wretch of a tired out and swindled excursionist, coming home late at night, is at the mercy of

uniformed insolence on one side, and drunken ruffianism on the other.

Emeline and I came up in a late train, and I speak calmly now of what I know. If Coney Island were everything that it is not, a return from it late at night across Brooklyn would rather prejudice a man against the place.

I am very glad that I kept the Duke of Argyll from going that route. As it was we went by the way of the "Point," and had a jolly, good time. I introduced Mike Murray as an Assyrian archaeologist—the Duke's heavy on that—and they had a delightful chat while the clams were baking.

The railroad from Norton's is a great convenience if any one knew positively when the trains were going to start, I have sat in one twenty minutes, and on other occasions have missed it while taking a drink.

The captive balloon is another fraud. It isn't the east-erly currents they are studying.

It's the currency.

You can get to Europe by it, however, but the way to do is to bank the receipts, and go over in a steamer.

THE JEW QUESTION.

Of course Mr. Corbin has acted unwisely. I don't hanker after Jews, but I do not avoid them. They have some peculiarities that are not pleasing, and the dealers in Chatham street will swindle you if they can.

If you can't take an hour and a half to drink a bottle of beer on the Manhattan Beach piazzas where are our boasted liberties?

It is aggravating, but law is law. Corbin can't keep them away, and if I am not very much mistaken they will pay no attention to his likes and dislikes.

I have boarded at summer hotels where they would bring down their own wines and cigars—generally very villainous cigars—and drive the proprietor nearly wild by ostentatiously drinking one and smoking the other while he was wondering where he would scare up the salary of the bartender.

They would also monopolize the piano and all the shady places on the porch, but I repeat this is a free country, and if a man wants to make a hog of himself he is privileged to do so.

It is one way to get rich. Look at the great financiers of the world. Do you suppose that they squandered money, and drank two bottles of beer in an hour just to oblige landlords?

The keepers of hotels have this state of affairs to combat simply because the Jew exists. In New York they exist with a vengeance, as I found out by looking the subject up.

All the leading bankers belong to this class, but they are welcome at Manhattan Beach. It's only the dirty, "Sh'elp me Mosiah" fraternity that Mr. Corbin doesn't want.

In a book published in 1868, I find the following statement which shows that the aversion is not a sentiment of recent birth.

"Persons in search of a house invariably ask 'Are there any Jews in the block?' Their social customs and habits, their pastimes, and the manner in which they spend the Sabbath, are so unlike our own, that it is impossible to dwell with them in any comfort. When they get into a neighborhood in any numbers it is deserted by the others. There are some beautiful watering-places about New York where the Jews hold entire possession. They came in; few at a time and Christian families had to desert the place; they could not live with them. One of the huge hotels at Long Branch is the rendezvous of Jewish families. A new hotel, erected two years ago, was occupied by leading families from this and other cities, on the express condition that Jewish women and children should not be allowed in the house. Every means has been resorted to by the people of Israel to get rooms in this hotel, and fabulous prices have been offered, but up to this time none have been admitted. A half dozen families would draw away all who are not of Israel."

If the agitation in the newspapers did no other good, it gave Levy, the horn-blower, a chance.

And how he improved it. He knew that an impatient world was just dying to know how much he got for tooting on the cornet, and so he hauleth his \$450 check out of his pocket, and waved it triumphantly.

He laid particular stress on the fact that he was carrying it around undrawn, and that it had been given him for a week in which he was nursing a sore lip and didn't play.

No wonder Levy's lip gets sore; between blowing his cornet, and then his own metaphorical horn, that lip has too much to do.

He ought to button it up occasionally, especially now that he gets \$450 a week.

When Weston arrives here, I should like to arrange a match between them—a talking match.

Weston should talk of Weston.

And Levy of Levy.

This match would show human endurance in a new form and could not fail to be very amusing.

I am not a Jew myself, as you are aware, but I don't mind confiding to you that I am related to them by marriage.

On my aunt's side. My uncle takes great interest in me, and about 84 per cent. out of me.

He is my "loan" star, when financial gloom overtakes me. I am coy and distant, but he makes advances, and so we get along nicely.

To tell the honest truth, if it hadn't been for him, Emeline wouldn't have had that supper.

I told her I was getting the stone in the ring reset.

Still, I have had happy times at Coney Island, and that after all, thank heaven, does not depend upon the nature of the place. With a proper companion you can be serene anywhere. You forget that it is hot, blazing hot; that Coney Island seems baking; that Corbin doesn't like Jews; that the bill of fare's prices have been marked down by a pirate—all this is gone, evaporated, while you look into handsome eyes that seem as deep and blue as the sea.

taverns. I know of one that seems half asleep, it is so quiet.
It has a cunning little bar, and a charming parlor back in the English style.
Of course they stop here for another glass of wine—the road being dusty.
It doesn't make any difference about time. The saint has a lady friend in Brooklyn with whom she frequently takes tea.
She will do so to-night. With a copper!
It's a pity, isn't it, that Bob's doctor won't allow him to go near the ocean.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

A Foolish Maiden Who Starves to Dress.

BY COLONEL LYNE.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

The scare over at Lorillard's Jersey City Tobacco Works, where it was thought that about a score of factory girls had been prostrated by a new and terrible abortion disease, resulted in bringing to light the fact that the afflicted young ladies were a set of idiots, who had put nature's laws at the most impudent defiance, in the matter of eating, and had then wondered hysterically at their being sick.

It wasn't any new malady secreted in the tobacco leaf, as the sapient sand-snipe doctors thought.

It was the logical action of wilted cucumbers and ice water introduced into empty stomachs as the mockery of a lunch on a day when the thermometer was putting up 100 degrees with one hand.

If they were not of the gentler sex, and if I were not as chivalrous as my courtly friend, the Count Joannes, I would call these damsels damned fools.

The tobacco case was a revelation, but there are thousands of budding women in New York city to-day who are pursuing a course of asinine starvation in order to save a few pennies that shall be added to the growing fund for a rakish hat or a new dress.

The factory girl generally, in fact, invariably, lives in a tenement-house, and mostly on the east side.

Her mother is a hard-working woman: her father a longshoreman, more or less given to strikes and ale with pepper in it.

Some part of her scanty wages has to be turned in for the general good, and the margin left for personal adornment is very slight.

But she certainly doesn't need finery, or, at least, doesn't indulge in it, you say, as you see her in the cool of the early morning going to her work in her simple calico dress.

That's only one view of the factory girl.

You should see her at Pythagoras Hall when the White Rose Association gives its annual ball, or at a moonlight picnic.

Then she is gotten up regardless of expense; is dressed to kill; and is every inch a nobby, slashing sort of girl—a little wan-faced, but full of style.

And sometimes of beer.

What does it matter to her whether she hasn't had a square meal until the picnic or ball supper for a month? The coat of her stomach has suffered, but look at the stunning polonaise she flirts in the "maay"! Just sufficiently to show the pretty boots and the pink stockings!

This dance has been looked forward to for weeks. Her costume has been the engraving problem of her existence during that time, and now the consciousness that she has laid Mary Jane O'Reilly out cold on dress fills her soul with inexpressible joy.

At home she sleeps with two younger children in a little closet of a room charged with the noisome vapors of a tenement house.

Five o'clock finds her up, for the shop is way across town, and she has to walk to save the car-fare. A cup of coffee—may be nothing but a crust of bread, and she starts in her work-day clothes, not forgetting to take one fond glance at the ball dress which hangs limp from a nail like a disappointed beauty who had committed suicide.

In the street, she is met by a gallus young fellow in a checked jumper. He is her "mash" and is also a light porter in a White street dry-goods store.

They walk along, talking of the coming excursion, and kindred subjects, and finally part with an understanding that she will stroll down to the dock for the air after tea.

All the hot morning in the work-room with hundreds of other girls. The bell rings—it is noon.

Some lunch on an apple. Some on a sandwich, some on a bun, and others on ice water with cucumber trimmings. If you find a sensible girl eating bread and meat of a generous quantity, and drinking coffee, you will discover that she is plain in features, and would be very much out of place at a picnic or ball.

Lunch takes about five minutes. The remainder of the half hour, or hour, is devoted to crowding the windows and keeping up a most violent flirtation with passengers in elevated railroad trains—if any run that way—or with any one who is willing to respond.

The factory girl is generally pretty in a bold, saucy sense. She has snapping black eyes, and a figure that would be good if it only had rations and rational chance.

Cucumbers and ice water make it willowy.

When she leaves the shop, which is generally in a perfect daze, she is full of levity if not of food. Fasting has produced an exaltation of the brain, and while in this ecstatic condition she is very apt to smile angelically on the well-dressed gentlemen who turn at her merry laugh.

The merriment is not genuine. You can't scare up an able-bodied laugh on a diet of cucumbers and ice water at the shop, and weak coffee and cold meat at home.

Some of these random recognitions lead to acquaintanceship, which is certainly not for the young girl's good, however much it may benefit her worldly condition.

The only redeeming reflection in the fall of a young woman, such as I have been describing, is that she will at last have an opportunity to feed.

Some morning her place is vacant at the loom, the tobacco board or the sewing-machine.

"Where's Maggie?"

"Didn't you hear?"

Then the story is whispered about, every one being shocked, as they should be, but every one enjoying the laces and diamonds with which rumor has already bedecked her.

Matthew Hale Smith, who wrote "Sunshine and Shadow in New York," tells this *apocryphal* story:

"A gentleman in this city employs in his factory a large number of females. He is quite careful to get respectable girls. He demands a written testimonial before he will admit any one. Among these that worked for him were two sisters. They were models of propriety and order. They were neat in their dress. Eagerly and punctual they were at work. They mingled but little in society: were quite reserved in their conversation; said but little, and kept

constantly at work. Their quiet and industrious manners, silent and resolute conduct, living seemingly for each other, and always acting as if some great secret weighed them down, called out the sympathy of their employer. But they refused all sympathy. One night this gentleman was walking alone on Broadway, quite late. As he passed Houston street a young girl accosted him. The tones of her voice seemed familiar. He drew her to the gas-light. The moment he did so, the girl gave a scream, darted down the street, and was out of sight in a moment. She was one of the model sisters in his factory. The next morning the girls were not in their usual place, and he saw them no more. All he learned of them was this: they had refused to join in some pastime proposed, and gave as a reason, that they had no money to spend on themselves; they were saving, they said, all the money they could get to take up the mortgage upon their father's farm, as he was old and feeble. Filial love could do no more than this."

Mr. Smith does not state whether the gentleman was so ry, or not, at not being able to help lift the mortgage.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Indianapolis man has been arrested for violating Indiana law by marrying his step-daughter.

TOM LAWTON, the third of the Tullis murderers, at Grand Island, Cal., is in jail at Lewiston, Cal. He confesses the crime.

A SHOOTING affray occurred in the house of Lucas Covert, near Columbus, Ind., at the breakfast table, on the 30th between his sons Henry and Aleck, in which Henry was instantly killed and Aleck mortally wounded.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, charged with the murder of Burns, in Clayton county, Ky., three years ago, and who was captured through the publication of his portrait, which appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE recently, was brought down to San Francisco from Portland, Oregon, on the 25th ult.

JOHN BOTTOMLEY, a wealthy paper manufacturer at Lee, Mass., has for many years been noted for violent outbreaks of temper. Ordinarily he was dignified in deportment, but whenever he got angry he committed some breach of decorum. A short time ago an old man offended him, and he used a chance weapon so recklessly that his victim was nearly killed. He now goes to prison for five years.

HIGHWAYMEN stopped Bernard Southwick on a lonely Indiana road, and demanded his money or his life. He fought with exceeding valor and vigor, bruising his assailants seriously with a club, and was vanquished after a quarter of an hour of desperate resistance. On searching his pockets, in the expectation of getting valuable booty, they found exactly eleven cents.

AFTER the recent death of a Platte chief, an admiring Indian concluded to kill his own squaw, so that she could accompany the chief to the happy hunting grounds; but the woman did not wish to be sacrificed, and made her escape. The Indian then seized a baby, buried it to the neck in the ground and stood guard over it, intending to let it starve to death. After three days the child was rescued by white men.

At Athens, Ala., on the 27th, Bailey, the wife murderer, whom a mob attempted to lynch recently, was sentenced to be hanged September 12, the attempt to plead insanity not having had any weight upon the jury. When asked whether he had anything to say he said "I don't think I have had a fair trial." Turning to a person sitting next to him he asked: "Do you think the mob will hang me? I am not afraid of anything but the mob."

A RUMOR gained currency in Boston on the 29th, to the effect that a sneak thief had succeeded in taking from the cashier's desk in the Custom House a package of bills amounting to \$160,000, which was ready for shipment to the Treasury at Washington. There was a good deal of excitement for a time, but a thorough investigation disclosed the fact that the amount stolen was only \$160. The thief watched his opportunity until the cashier was engaged and reached over with a cane and pulled out the bills. He has not been arrested.

AARON SMITH led a mob that hanged George Moore, at Carlisle, Ind., and was complimented by his comrades for his boldness in this outrage. A few nights afterward, a party of fun-loving young men dragged him out of his bed, put a rope around his neck, and told him that his death hour had come. They would have been puzzled to answer if he had asked them what he had done to displease them; but, to their astonishment, he confessed numerous thefts, and abjectly begged for mercy. He is not the popular man that he was before this trial of his qualities.

THE Transatlantic circus had a lively day at Leesville, Ind. Some sharpers who accompany the show, failing in their attempt to swindle a resident with cards, snatched his money and hid in one of the tents. Soon afterward one of the women equestrians stole a watch from a man's pocket as she passed through the crowd. The robbed man fired into the tents with their revolvers. The showmen retaliated by seizing three villagers, dragging them into a tent, and whipping them soundly with rawhides. This incensed the crowd, and a general fight ensued, in which four showmen and one villager were wounded with bullets.

ALDEN P. DAVIS, the leader of the Pocasset adventists, visited the Barnstable jail a few days ago and had a talk with Freeman, whose fanatical murder of his little girl is fresh in the public mind. Freeman, though he has lost all hope of the immediate resurrection of little Eddie, has not given up his belief that the horrible affair will redound to the glory of God. He will employ no counsel and says that if a counsel is appointed to defend him he will not allow any attempt at palliation of his deed or at impeaching his sanity to be made. God will stand by him, he says, and will conduct the trial as he sees fit. Mrs. Freeman is in a lamentable condition. A few days after the tragedy she seemed to feel the horror of the situation, but now she has fallen again under the power of the old delusion. The trial is appointed for October before the Supreme court and promises to excite the interest of the nation.

A DESPERATE fight occurred between a body of detectives and four desperadoes of Doc Middleton's gang of thieves and murderers infesting the cattle country of Niobrara river, Neb., on Monday, 21st ult., on one of the branches of the creek called Long Pine, 140 miles north of Grand Island. Shots were fired by two of the detectives and returned by the desperadoes, with effect upon both sides, although no lives were lost. Hagen, one of the detectives, received three balls—one in the neck, one in the arm and a third passed through his body below the ribs, coming out through the back bone. Slewellyn, another of the detectives, who was present at the fight, is missing, and the remaining detectives escaped without a scratch and made their way to Columbus, 150 miles distant. Hagen reached the place safely, and his wounds are not serious, though painful. Middleton would have been killed except that the detective's revolver missed fire four times. He was badly wounded in the groin, and, it is thought, will die, but is being cared for by friends.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

An Opera-Glass Peep at the Coming Season. The Cut-Throat Game of New York Managers—List of Warriors in the Field—Musical Murmurs—Chit-Chat.

The coming New York city theatrical season is going to be a cut-throat game. It will be a pitiless war of theatre against theatre. Such redoubtable warriors as Boucicault, Palmer, Abbey, Ned Gilmore, Wallack, Haverly, Steele MacKaye, Augustin Daly, Henderson, Maurice Grau, Ford & Zimmermann, Poole & Donnelly, and Gilbert and Sullivan will be in the field. Boucicault is writing plays both for himself and for Wallack, and, as shrewdly suggested by the *Dramatic News*, Wallack is dead sure not to get the better one. Boucicault will depend mainly upon his own diamond-pointed pen, electric genius, insufferable egotism and a strong stock company. He has put, and is putting a great deal of money on Booth's Theatre, in the way of re-decoration and upholstering. If he will allow the company to do the playing, and he confine himself to stage management, instead of rushing constantly into print to show that he does care for the critics, by writing letters stating that he doesn't, the enterprise may succeed. Mr. A. N. Palmer, of the Union Square, sees nothing yet in Paris that will warrant the elegant mounting for which the theatre is famous, and will probably revive the old successes, beginning with the "Two Orphans." Whether Miss Claxton will play *Louise* is not known. I can hardly imagine another. Her success with the part throughout the country shows how easy it is to make money by going it blind. Mr. Sheridan Shook and Mr. Ned Gilmore, at Niblo's, with the Kiraifys in Paris as agents, form a strong combination. When the theatre does open with its spectacular drama, the palmest days of old Niblo's are sure to be revived. Casauran has been attached to the theatre as translator in ordinary or in extraordinary, I don't know which. Wallack's throws open its doors on August 18th, with Raymond in "Wolfert's Roost." Mr. Daly is quiet about his course, and is busy personally superintending the transformation being made in the Broadway. Gran will bring out opera bouffe at the Fifth Avenue. Ford & Zimmermann English opera, and Gilbert and Sullivan that new venture upon which they so confidently count to make their eternal fortunes. Sothern opens the Park. Abbott the Grand Opera House, and the Bendamans the Standard. Their agent is already in town. Haverly is going to strain every nerve to maintain his metropolitan foothold. Opera will be given at the Academy of Music by Colonel Mapleson and Max Maretzek. So while it seems all dark and gloomy on the road, owing to the combination system being determined upon, just at the time when railroad companies refuse to carry combinations at special rates, New York citizens can congratulate themselves upon their prospective ability to pick and choose from the offerings of a very brilliant season.

De Murka has sailed for Europe, canary birds, dogs, alligators, and her husband accompanying her. The inconsolable De Vivo after wringing out the *manchou*, wet with the tears shed at her departure, places it where it will dry against the time when it shall be waved to welcome Carlotta Patti. She has been absent from the United States seven years, and contemplates making a tour of the world.

Arthur Sullivan has not arrived and yet he has, but it is Arthur Sullivan who is the son of Barry.

On August 18th, at the Lyceum Theatre, Miss Adele Belgarde will have a go, in "As you like it." Miss Helen Tracy, who appears too infrequently, is in the cast.

Tom Karl is going to sing in "Paul and Virginia." I guess he will play *Virginia*.

Ch. Fritsch has been engaged as one of the tenors of the Max Maretzek's troupe. A good selection.

In my enumeration of coming events in the first paragraph of this column, I forgot to mention the Italian opera venture at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, of Mr. Max Strakosch.

The most successful London burlesque of L'Assommoir is called "Another Drink." After the wash-room quarrel, *Georgette* and *Virginie* are hung over a clothes line to dry.

Maretzek begins his Academy of Music season on the 23rd of September.

Another female orchestra contemplates visiting America. The Atlantic Garden is their fate.

Carlotta Patti will not retire to a convent, but will marry a Munk. Ernest De Munk is the gentleman's full name.

The cannon at Tony Pastor's struck last week, and refused to go off.

When Kellogg sang *Aida* in London, she received a large number of bouquets, mainly from Americans, who went to Her Majesty's to see that their country-woman was properly treated. Kellogg took most of these bouquets home. One of the largest, on being examined, contained a note (they nearly all did), as follows:

"MY DEAR SISTER:—Greetings from one who admires your great talent and who is doubly disposed to you because you come from America, the country which was so kind to me."
ETHEL GARDINER.
—Dramatic News.

You can board in the Cincinnati College of Music for \$4 a week. Sometimes they have pork chops for breakfast.

Signor Blitz gives magic performances at the Permanent Exhibition Building, in Philadelphia. The Signor, I may remark casually, is dead. Probably Heller will succeed him.

It's a Mr. Jarrett of London, who is going to lose money by bringing Sarah Bernhardt over here.

The business of the Duke of Beaufort now seems to be to tell yarns about Sothern's fishing party. He swears they caught a ton of salmon.

Alfa Merrill will be leading lady at the Madison Square Theatre.

All Memphis dates are cancelled up to cold weather.

There will be a preliminary Grand Opera House season, beginning August 28th, with Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow."

George H. Butler announces his divorce from Rose

Eyttinge. She's in London, and he's a physical and social wreck in Washington.

Harry Sargent will remain abroad to manage *Modjeska*.

In all events the children of Bernhardt can allude to their "four" fathers.

Judic is the handsomest woman on the French stage, and Croizette is the jolliest.

MARQUIS OF LOREWETTE.

An excursion party of 400 people visited Marblehead, Mass., on the 27th. A large proportion of the number were roughs, who immediately on landing proceeded about town insulting women, robbing people and committed other depredations. The police interfered and a serious row ensued. One officer was struck in the head with a bottle and another knocked down and trampled upon. Several hundred citizens came to the assistance of the police, when the roughs fled to the steamer, pursued by the citizens. When the boat was about leaving, a shower of missiles, stones, bottles, etc., was thrown from the boat, seriously wounding Edward Martin and John O. Frost. The citizens returned the volley, and the decks of the steamer were literally covered with stones, etc. Seven roughs were captured.

CHARLES W. COOK, whose testimony hanged Buzzell as an accessory to the murder of Susan Hanson after he had been acquitted as a principal, has made another confession. It will be remembered that Cook swore on the second trial of Buzzell that Buzzell first hired him to shoot Miss Hanson, and then when, on the last moment, his (Cook's) courage failed, Buzzell threatened to shoot him unless he fled. Then he shot Miss Hanson as she sat in a room of her house with her mother and brother. After Buzzell's conviction and sentence to be hanged, Cook made an affidavit that his confession was perjury, and had been extorted from him by two Boston detectives. On the strength of this last confession strenuous efforts were made to save Buzzell's life, without avail. Now, that he is hanged, Cook has sent for his counsel to tell him this time the truth about the murder. He says that Buzzell did hire him for \$100 to shoot Miss Hanson, and that the money was never paid, but that Buzzell was not with him on the night of the murder, and that he did not see him till daylight next morning. This accounts for Buzzell's refusal to deny that he had something to do with the murder while always insisting that he did not kill Miss Hanson.

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